The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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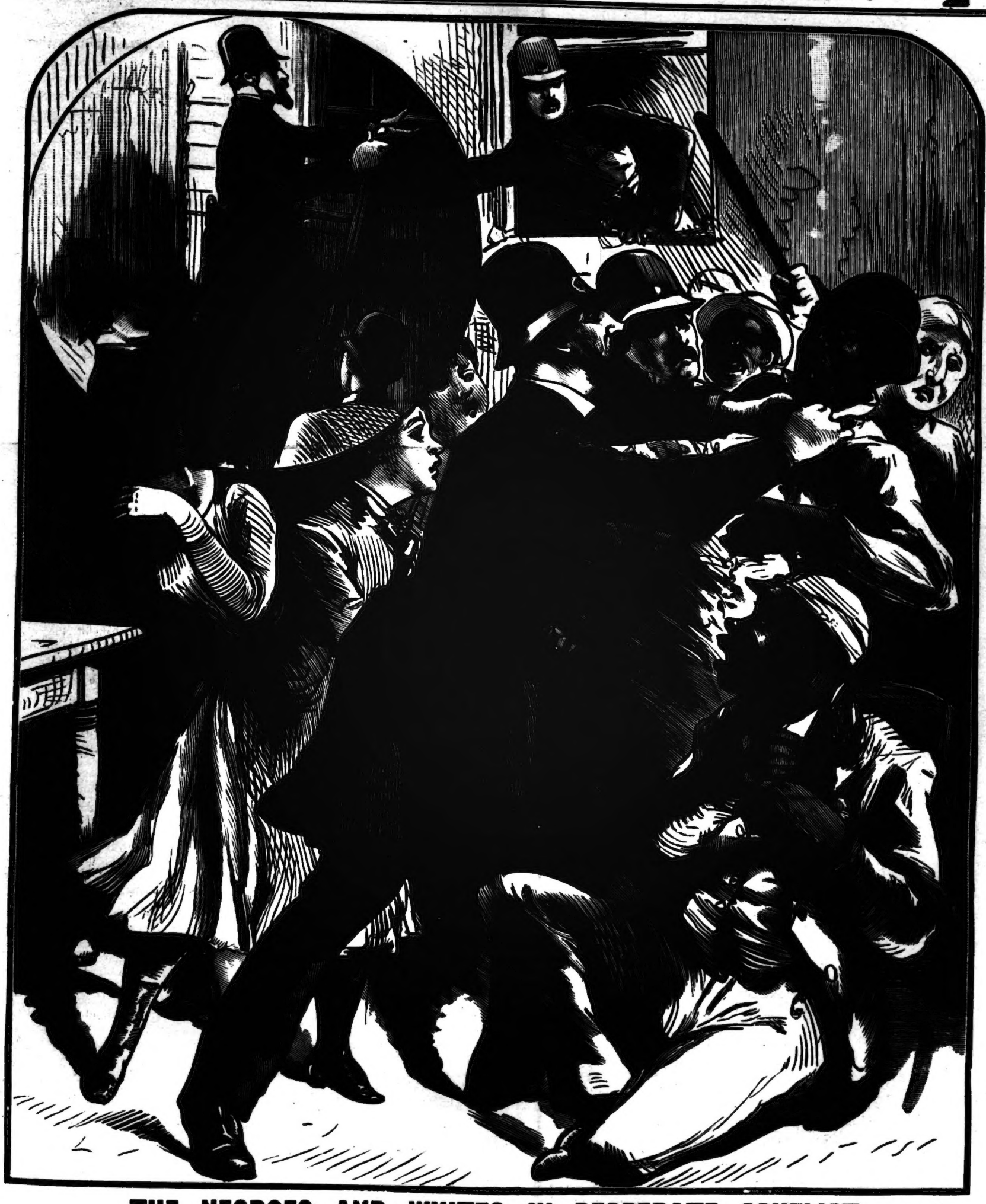

THE NEGROES AND WHITES IN DESPERATE CONFLICT.

Violent and Vicious Mob Law at New Orleans.

The Mirror of Life
ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. WINSOR.—The report was received all right.

B. GOLDRING.—You do not require any license.

H. V. TAUNTON.—1. Tom Sayers's weight was 10st 12lb. 2. No, under.

T. A. S.—1. Four ounce gloves. 2. Yes, certainly.

A. L.—The club has been defunct for over seven years.

H. O.—1. He never fought a coloured man. 2. Drew the colour line.

R. MASTERS.—Trained on that occasion by G. Swanney.

J. H. CUFFE.—1. The closing night, May 28, Ben Jordan defeated Tommy Hogan, and "Pedlar" Palmer gained a decision over Harry Ware. G. Cunningham defeated Bill Wood. 2. Same evening, all contests.

E. A. MOORE.—They passed through London on Monday, May 7.

T. ROBSONS.—Not a full account, but the particulars are found in "Fistiana."

C. M.—No.

C. MARTIN.—He was born at Derby, October 6, 1867.

T. GRIFFITHS.—Yes, when Fullerton and Troughend divided.

E. WEDDERBURN.—W. G. George's time for 11 miles 932¼ yards is one hour.

H. C. PRATER.—A. A. Chase.

T. S. CARDIFF.—Only once in 1851.

C. A. G.—1. Knocked out by Kid Lavigne in five rounds. 2. Retired.

W. MORTON.—Kid McCoy's height is 5ft. 11in., while Jem Corbett is 6ft. 1in.

C. A. ANDERSON.—Under the Marquis of Queensberry rules.

D. D.—1. He lost to Dan Creedon in twenty rounds. 2. At the National Sporting Club. 3. October 14, 1895.

ELECT.—1. His name was Wyatt Earp. 2. But Fitzsimmons received the credit of winning.

R. R. C.—Esau Lee won in five rounds.

T. A. BARTON.—He was light-weight champion for two years in succession.

AMI.—1. September 10. 2. The Hastings Festival.

W. W.—He holds the title of light-weight champion of the world.

T. S. C.—1. In "Ring Records." 2. Members of the A.B.A.

H. ROLLY.—At Wembley Park.

J. SEEARS (Liverpool).—The tallest amateur is Avent, of Bedminster. This youth, who is about 5ft 7in and boxes at 8st 4lb, was a runner up in the amateur championship. The tallest professional at the weight is Will Curley.

L. C. N.—1. Jas. J. Corbett was in his twenty-fifth year when he fought Jackson. 2. Corbett and Sullivan fought for the championship of America (not of the world) September 7, 1892.

D. EVANS (Pentyoch).—1. Not that we know of. 2. Johnny O'Brien defeated Ted White in eight rounds at the old Pelican Club, London.

A. M. R. (Lanarkshire).—By defeating Dave ullivan.

BEN TIBSON (Leeds).—Lester is the elder of the two.

JACK JENKENS (South Wales).—Bob Fitzsimmons was not knocked out by Tom Sharkey. Wyatt Earp, the referee, gave the decision to Sharkey on an alleged foul.

(Several Answers crowded out)

THE UNEXPECTED HAPPENS.

FITZSIMMONS DEFEATS GUS RUHLIN.

LUCKY BENNY JORDAN MATCHED WITH McGOVERN.

FOUR THOUSAND DOLLARS CERTAIN GUARANTEED.

THE MIDDLE-WEIGHT ENGLISH CHAMPIONSHIP.

FRANK CRAIG ("COFFEE COOLER") AND GEORGE GARDINER (IRELAND) COMMENCE TRAINING.

IN the majority of cases boxers never contest twice alike. Gus Ruhlin's meeting with the strong and determined Tom Sharkey induced most persons to believe that Fitzsimmons had taken on a big order when he tackled the Akron giant. It was a case of David and Goliath, but, as in Biblical history, it was thought the modern David, as represented by Fitz, would have fallen an easy prey to the modern Goliath as represented by Gus Ruhlin. The fight between Gus Ruhlin and Fitzsimmons reminds us of an episode in the Prize Ring which took place nearly forty years ago—on June 13, 1861. Gus Ruhlin never administered a greater hiding to Tom Sharkey than did Sam Hurst, the Stalybridge "Infant," inflict upon Tom Paddock when fighting for the championship of England on November 5, 1860. Hurst was the champion wrestler of Stalybridge, and so big and immensely strong that with one blow of his huge fist he broke two of Tom Paddock's ribs. The fight only lasted nine and a half minutes, in which five rounds were fought. After this victory over Tom Paddock the prowess of Sam Hurst was lauded to the skies, and when Jem Mace had the temerity to challenge Sam Hurst for the Championship, the Norwich man was looked upon as little less than a madman. Just as Fitzsimmons has surprised the boxing world by taking down the number of Gus Ruhlin at such short notice, Jem Mace surprised the members of the pugilistic world by the terrible punishment he inflicted on the Stalybridge Infant. The fight lasted 40min, in which eight rounds were fought, when the huge Sam Hurst was beaten to a jelly, and the portion of the field in which the men fought was saturated with the blood of the game, but unfortunate, "Infant." Such a sensation did this fight cause that the newspapers of the period—denominational and undenominational—gave the contest full publicity in their columns.

Full particulars of the Fitzsimmons v. Ruhlin fight are not to hand, but the combat, which ended in the sixth round, appears to have been a very serious affair for Gus Ruhlin. In fact, so serious that at one period the life of the Akron giant was in jeopardy, the doctor who was summoned remaining with the injured man several hours before he could certify the boxer as out of danger. When a boxer receives what is known as a true point hit, he falls neither backwards nor sideways, but face forward to the boards. Fitzsimmons must evidently have trained himself to get home this one hit, and in falling the Akron giant may have struck his temple on the boards, blood flowing from his nose and ears—for when a man is hit on the spot indicated he falls as though he had been shot.

When Alf Walker, brother to the more celebrated Johnny Walker, fought Jee Hoiles (The Spider) at Mildenhall on April 11, 1854, Alf knew he had only one chance, and that was to take the one, two, of the "Spider," and get home this hit on the "point." Alfred succeeded; and ever after he would entertain his friends by showing them the way he fought the "Spider." Evidently Fitzsimmons fought Gus Ruhlin somewhat after the manner that Alf Walker fought the "Spider." Fitzsimmons was at the ringside when Tom Sharkey made his fierce and sudden rushes at Gus Ruhlin, and he observed also how they were stopped. The red-headed ex-champion no doubt developed his plan of campaign over the Gus Ruhlin v. Tom Sharkey contest. The wily Bob there saw flaws in the fighting of Ruhlin, which were perhaps unobserved by his (Ruhlin's) sanguine admirers. We suppose Ruhlin has only one style of fighting, and this style Fitzsimmons was enabled to check. Had Ruhlin adopted other tactics in meeting Fitzsimmons to those adopted when meeting Sharkey perhaps the result of the contest might have told a different tale. We write on supposition, but some men have only one mode of attack or defence. It is not every boxer who is an Edwards of Cheltenham, who could stand either right foot or left foot extended to an adversary. There is no doubt that Gus Ruhlin fell into the pit dug for him by the wily Fitzsimmons. Although Ruhlin had the best of counsellors in Billy Madden and Jem Corbett he may have said, like so many other boxers, "Let me fight my way." And perhaps this fighting was his only way.

With the meagre details to hand we can only surmise how Fitzsimmons, a middle-weight thirty-seven years old, who had never made the same sort of fight with Tom Sharkey as did his recent adversary—a fight which extorted even the admiration of the conquered man, Tom Sharkey—could have defeated Gus Ruhlin. Tom Sharkey never expressed admiration for Fitzsimmons, but he did for Gus Ruhlin, and what is more, the ex-sailor acknowledged that he was fairly and squarely beaten. Nobody who saw Tom Sharkey's face the morning after the fight could doubt Gus Ruhlin's effective hitting. In America it was thought the most unsafe investment to back Fitzsimmons the ancient against the strong and scientific young giant, brimful of health and courage, especially as Billy Madden had been coaching Gus Ruhlin, and what Billy does not know about matters pugilistic is hardly worth studying. Fitzsimmons will not be able to take on his old antagonist, Jem Jeffries, until after his prior engagement with Tom Sharkey. Fitzsimmons, flushed with victory, is in red hot haste to bring off both fights before the repeal of the Horton law.

These are halcyon days for some boxers. Not many more than thirty years ago the cream of the pugilistic army crossed the "pond," having raised their fare by a "friendly lead" or "whip round," uncertain how they should pay their meal bill when landing—men who were both first-class pugilists and first-class boxers. Some of these men are still alive in the States, mourning the decadence of the past as regards prize money, and wishing that they could "hark back old time" and renew their youth, if only to show as regards merit the difference between the present and the past. The most recent match which THE MIRROR OF LIFE has attended to is that between Ben Jordan and Terry McGovern. As will be seen by a letter in our boxing columns, Ben Jordan goes out on no speculative business, like the brilliant order of pugilists and boxers of old, with whom it would be gross flattery to compare the newer generation. Jordan, whose tickets for self and brother were purchased by THE MIRROR OF LIFE, goes out like a gentleman. He has a good send-off on this side, and will be met by friends and receive first-class treatment on the other, besides which, win or lose with Terry McGovern, Ben Jordan will receive the magnificent sum of *four thousand dollars!* This sum for a boxer of the present class is enough to make the last of a defunct institution, at present in America, not too old to act as chuckers-out or bar tenders, turn green with vexation to think such costly prizes were not out for boxing in their day. The highest stake money in the olden time was for a thousand a-side, and then it was for a great international battle at which all the English-speaking world wondered. The dissatisfaction which Ben Jordan expressed at his treatment on his last visit to America, on his meeting with Eddie Santry, could not have been very real, or else the youth from Bermondsey would not have jumped at the idea of a meeting with McGovern for this magnificent sum and instantly closed with the proposal.

To be candid, we are not too sweet on the chance of Ben Jordan coming out on top in a match with Terry McGovern. There was some talk a couple of years since of matching "Pedlar" Palmer with Ben Jordan, and allowing Ben to scale half a stone to the good, but that was before "Pedlar" met the "Terrible Terry." We shall watch with some amount of interest the use to which Jordan will put his extra weight in his contest with McGovern. Ben Jordan is wicked and aggressive, so is Terry McGovern. Ben Jordan is strong for his height, so is Terry McGovern, and the advantage should lie with Ben Jordan, who is a feather, while Terry can scale at bantam-weight. We know not under what rules these lads will box, but if under Queensberry rules Ben Jordan's "kidney punch" would merit instant disqualification. To seize a man with one hand to administer punches on an opponent's back with the other is not allowed in any known rules on boxing. If this sort of boxing is allowed under the club rules which may govern the contest, well and good, but this is boxing with which we never were familiar when boxing was a popular sport, and to grasp an opponent by any place but the hand preparatory to the encounter was considered unmanly and unfair. As the dustman's wife when reproved by her husband for showing too much leg remarked that "Decency is not fashionable," it is evident the game as played in days gone bye is not in some quarters at the present time "fashionable."

The recent match made at THE MIRROR OF LIFE for the Middle-Weight Championship of England between Frank Craig, the "Coffee Cooler," and George Gardiner, of Ireland, looks exceedingly healthy. The training grounds of England are not so many that there is much choice, especially when athletes are training for a boxing match. The strangers in search of the genuine article had a look round. First they visited the hostelry of Sam Brown at Mortlake, but that did not catch on. Perhaps they thought it unlucky, as two natives of far off lands, Tommy Hogan and Jemmy Ryan, had met their downfall when training at the house of the genial Sam. We think this and solitude was the visitors motive for taking on the training quarters of Host Hastings, whose hostelry sentinels the plain. Chipperfield Common is a spot where the athlete in training is safe from the prying eye of the lounger. A three-shilling fare by rail and a five-shilling drive by road are more deterrent than a walk to Putney. Many visitors to the Common might exclaim:—

Solitude where are thy charms?

But solitude appears to be the great desire of our visitors. Hence Chipperfield. Chipperfield is not a Deserted Village, for Host Hastings has but to "put the horse in" and drive to the adjacent town of Watford to obtain all his visitors require. Thus Hastings is independent of the village butcher who will not kill a sheep until he has customers in advance from the head to the tail. We minutely described the gymnasium at this inn when Fred Morris, Jemmy Barry, the two Sullivans (Spike and Dave), and Patsey Haley were staying at this hostelry, and later Billy Rotchford. There are all the requisites for making a man fit, even to the shower bath, and in its vicinity some of the most solitary breezy walks in England. Frank Craig, the "Coffee Cooler," started early in his training. Like George Gardiner, the "Cooler" had no friends to visit in Ireland—a land where they kill you with kindness. So he early settled down to bring himself to weight, for it is really more important to the "Cooler" for purposes of show business than to Gardiner that the former should win this match. In fact the "Cooler" almost feels the big end of the purse in his pocket, so confident is he of success. This will be the biggest match of the season, and will no doubt draw to Wonderland a number of the Corinthian element never on ordinary occasions seen east of Temple Bar. The "Coffee Cooler" in this country is a well known and a satisfactory performer, while we have George Gardiner's record in America to show that he is also a well-tried though much younger man. George will no doubt lack the ring experience of Frank, but he has youth on his side; and if he is, as his friends aver, the second best middle-weight in America, this contest should be "sweetly pretty."

WANTED TWO BOXERS TO TRAVEL around the regattas. For terms apply to Alf Wright's boxing show, Teignmouth. Good wages given down.

AMERICAN GOSSIP.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

NEW YORK, August 4, 1900.

EDITOR, THE MIRROR OF LIFE, London.

FORMER champion Jem Corbett and "Kid" McCoy were matched Tuesday afternoon to meet in a twenty-five rounds bout on August 30. The affair will be decided at Madison Square Garden under the auspices of the Twentieth Century A.C. The two rivals with their representatives met at an up town office at 2 o'clock, and came to an agreem nt inside of an hour. When not discussing the details of the match, Corbett and the "Kid" glared at each other, and made inaudible comments. Only once did they strike a pugnacious attitude, and that was when the proceedings were finished. McCoy came to the meeting with his adviser, George W. Grant. Corbett was accompanied by John Considine. It was fully five minutes before either pugilist broke the silence by speaking. McCoy seemed as nervous as a cat, while Corbett was as unruffled as a judge. It did not take McCoy long, however, to regain his composure. Finally he said: "Well, I am here to make a match and sign articles. I mean business, and wish to have this thing settled as speedily as possible." "I'm here to arrange a fight too," answered Corbett. "You sent me a telegram yesterday in which you stated that you would fight me on my own terms. Are you ready to stick to your word?" "Of course I am," was the reply, "provided you don't make any unreasonable demands." "Oh, I don't want anything but what is fair," said Jem, looking steadfastly at the "Kid." "I'll fight you at the Twentieth Century A.C. and agree to let the winner take 70 per cent. of the gate receipts and the loser 30 per cent." "Not for mine!" returned McCoy. "It must be 75 and 25." Here Corbett reasoned that the vagaries of the ring were uncertain, and that although he had every confidence in his ability to win, accidents were liable to happen. He contended that to be on the safe side the loser ought to have something at least. The "Kid" after some deliberation acquiesced, and then the subject of bandages was brought up. "I tell you what," said Jem authoritatively, "bandages are good things to wear, but there must be some stipulation as to the quality and quantity of the material. If I fight you I don't want you to come into the ring with more cloth on your hands than I may have. So let it be understood that the material must be equal in length and width and just like mine in every shape and way. What about it?" The "Kid" said he did not have any objection to this. When this was settled the selection of a referee was discussed. "Charley White suits me," said Corbett. McCoy agreed to him, but declared that as he was the club's official referee the club must pay him. Following are the articles which the men have signed:—"It is mutually agreed between James J. Corbett and Charles 'Kid' McCoy that they will box twenty-five rounds before the Twentieth Century Athletic Club of New York City, on the 30th day of August, 1900. Both men agree that the club referee, Charles White, shall referee this contest, and that they shall accept this interpretation of the Marquis of Queensberry rules. It is further agreed that both shall furnish their own gloves, subject to the approval of the referee, but in case they are not approved by the contestants, the club shall furnish the gloves to be used. It is further agreed that the purse shall be divided seventy (70) per cent. to the winner and thirty (30) per cent. to the loser. James J. Corbett further agrees to post to-day with Al Smith a forfeit of twenty-five hundred (2,500) dollars to cover the forfeit already posted by Charles ("Kid") McCoy as an evidence of good faith in carrying out the above contract. In case either man for any reason fails to appear on the night of the thirtieth of August, 1900, at the Twentieth Century Athletic Club to box as agreed to above, he shall forfeit to the other contestant the sum of twenty-five hundred (2,500) dollars, as herein mentioned, and in the hands of Al Smith, the stakeholder." Corbett will begin to work at once. He has secured quarters at Bath Beach, and will train near the place utilised by Gus Ruhlin. Corbett will spar with Charley Goff, Billy Madden's middle-weight. The latter is clever and fast, and is about McCoy's size. Jem will also engage Leo Pardelli to wrestle with him. Pardelli is an expert, and assisted Corbett when the latter was matched to meet Jem Jeffries. "I am in good condition now, and in a few weeks I expect to be in fine trim," said Corbett. "I have taken good care of myself since I fought Jeffries. Outside of my wind I think I am as good now as when I defeated John L. Sullivan." McCoy will train at Saratoga. He does not know as yet who will take charge of his affairs, but it is likely that he will engage Sam Fitzpatrick. Sam prepared McCoy when the "Kid" was matched to meet Corbett at Buffalo a few years ago. McCoy, in a talk with me said: "I hope that nothing will come up to keep me from facing Corbett. I have been after him for years, and when we get into the ring I will try and wipe out insults which he has subjected me to of late. I realise that he is clever, but I guess I know a thing or two myself."

George McFadden beat Jack O'Brien in twelve rounds at Madison Square Garden last night. In the twelfth round McFadden landed two right swings on O'Brien's ribs, and, it is claimed, broke one or two. This may or may not be the truth. One thing, though, is certain, that O'Brien entered the ring in no condition to fight. This was evident from the start. He was weak and looked sick. He fought like a sick man from the start. In the ninth round only did he do any fighting. The managers of the club would have made friends by declaring the fight off, even though there were 8,000 persons in the house. That the management and the handlers and managers of the fighters knew his condition was made evident by the betting. In the afternoon the betting was even money, but soon after the crowd gathered the betting changed to 2 to 1 against O'Brien. The latter was never in it. When the end came no one was surprised. It is remarkable that the crowd took the fight so good-naturedly. O'Brien pretended to be willing to continue, but it was a good place to stop, and as the money had been won Tom O'Rourke, O'Brien's manager, refused to let him fight. Referee Charley White called the men to the centre of the ring for the thirteenth round. They shook hands, and McFadden was declared the winner. The fight was tiresome, and to those who realised O'Brien's condition was painful to watch.

Terry McGovern's baby is only a year and a week old, but he uses dumb-bells. Terry says the youngster can handle them well, too, and has developed himself wonderfully with them. "He's as hard as nails," said the little fighter yesterday, "and muscles stand out all over him. He was sick last week, because he's getting his teeth now, but he hasn't lost any flesh. When I'm home I spend all my time with him. I make him do tricks, such as standing on his toes, stretching his arms and legs, and bending his body. You know I want to make him a good, strong young fellow."

McGovern thinks the world of his wife and baby. He wears miniature pictures of both in a specially designed pair of cuff buttons. "I wear these all the time," said Terry as he proudly exhibited his cuff adornments. Tommy White, who was beaten by Terry McGovern at Coney Island recently, says if he were offered a match with either McGovern or Sharkey he would accept the sailor. "McGovern is an awful hitter," says White. "He hit me on the jaw and broke my ankle."

George Dixon will never forget his second meeting with Terry McGovern in a six rounds bout at Chicago. "I was doing well for three rounds," says the former champion, "and in a clinch I crossed Terry on the jaw. He just looked hard at me and I says to myself I had better not follow him up. I'll just stay right where I am. A little later I just jabbed Terry's nose with my left. That meant fight. He snorted and rushed at me with a shower of punches. He was after me like a fly on a molasses jug."

Jim Jeffries wandered into a "Hit-the-doll-and-you-get-a-good-cigar" place in England last summer. He surveyed the row of dolls and the line of baseballs with contempt. "I believe I could hit one of those dolls with my cane," he remarked, flourishing a polished stick with a bone handle. "Try it," suggested the proprietor of the place. Jeff seized the cane. There was a roar, a flash, the place filled with smoke, and a doll on the end of the line was blown into fifty pieces. The cane was one of the unique "stick guns," and held a ten-bore cartridge.

When a big fight is over and the winner cashes in he is popularly supposed to swim in champagne. Hence, when big Gus Ruhlin, two days after his recent fight with Sharkey, asked a man to drink, the recipient of the invitation saw in fancy a long vista of cold bottles. Here is what happened: "Drink anything you like," adjured Gus as the two lined up before the bar, "but if you don't mind I guess I'll try a little lemonade. Lemonade tastes fine in hot weather."

Tom Sharkey is nothing if not hospitable. Three friends from California visited him at his training quarters at New Dorp before the Ruhlin fight. Felix Boehm, proprietor of the hotel, announced dinner, and Tom invited his friends in. They sat down and had dinner with Tom. When the meal was over Boehm asked Sharkey if the meals were on him. "Blessed Lakes of Killarney, no!" shouted the Sailor. "But you invited them," said Boehm. "I did," Tom replied, "but it was only to sit down. Let them pay for their own dinner!" And they had to.

While Peter Maher was in Syracuse, where he fought Ed. Dunkhorst some months ago, he went into one of the swell hotels and ordered supper. After looking over the menu, which had names of dishes on it Maher had never heard in Ireland, he suddenly cried out, "Bring me some corned beef and cabbage." After he ate it the waiter asked him what dessert he would like to have. At the end of the menu all the different plays in town were advertised, and Maher, thinking they were the names of the different desserts, said to the waiter, "Bring me some of that 'Little Minister.'"

THE TATTLER.

JEM KENRICK,

A Clever Lad, Pupil of A. Long, of Hackney.

(With Portrait.)

JEM KENRICK is nineteen years of age and stands 5ft in height. The following is his record:—Beaten by Jack O'Connell (Homerton), 11rds, conceding 1st; beaten by Bob Howard (Hoxton), 8rds; beaten by Bill Green (Lambeth), 10rds; beat Jack Bartlett (Hackney), 4rds old style; draw with Bob Howard, 11rds; beat "Kid" Lacey (Homerton), 3rds; beat "Wag" Collene (Dalston), 3rds; beat Jack Morgan (Clapton), 7rds; beaten by Jem Stroud (Lambeth), 6rds; runner-up to Frank Morecambe, 7st 4lb competition, beating Bill Easy and Bill Ray in first bouts; beat Archie Wright (Meat Market), 3rds; beat Herbert Rix (Norwich), 10rds; beat Jem Exall (Bermondsey), twice in 10rds; beat Jem Richardson (Borough), 6rds; beat Alf Rosser (Camberwell), 6rds; knocked out Jem Weston (Somers Town), 2rds; knocked out George Dunny (Newington), 2rds; knocked out Bob Woodley (Bermondsey), 2rds; knocked out by Jack Guyon (Clerkenwell), 3rds; beaten by Jack Guyon (Clerkenwell), 6rds; beat Jack Maloney (Westminster), 3rds.

DISGUISED AS A MAN A YOUNG LADY STARTLES HER FRIENDS.

The Swimmers Prepare to Hurriedly Leave the Water.

(Subject of Illustration.)

SOME young ladies at a very retired spot determined to take a cool bath in the stream, so attiring themselves in the smallest of bathing dresses they repaired to the stream, and entering the water, which was only 3ft deep, splashed about enjoying the fun. When lo and behold a masculine figure appeared on the opposite bank, and falling on one knee held his arms open as if to clasp one of the fair swimmers to his bosom. With shrieks the girl rushed away, when the merry laughter of a girl showed that she had disguised herself in male attire to frighten her friends.

HER ANTICS ALARMED THE LANDLADY.

The Parlour Boarder Went in for a Bath.

(Subject of Illustration.)

THE recent hot and stifling weather has much to answer for. Going about with the least possible amount of clothing has been almost a necessity. Gentlemen have broken the rules at the Serpentine, and indulged in a bath at prohibited hours. One landlady, Mrs. Lucas, was startled one afternoon by hearing a noise in the bathroom, and on visiting the place to ascertain the cause, found one of her young lady boarders indulging in a bath. Standing on the edge she was in the act of taking a delightful plunge into the clear and cold water, which splashed in every direction as her boarder took a header.

VISITORS TO "THE MIRROR OF LIFE" OFFICE.

AMONG the prominent people who have visited us this week are:—

Jack Everhardt (light-weight, New Orleans, U.S.A.).
Mr. and Mrs. Jemmy Lowes (Hexham House, Newcastle).
George Gardiner (middle-weight, Ireland).
Billy Gordon (coloured).
Owen Kenney (manager George Gardiner, of Manchester, N.H., U.S.A.).
Mr. Herman F. Wolff (Philadelphia, U.S.A.).
Frank Craig (The "Coffee Cooler").
Professor A. J. Newton.
Jack Hinton (Boston, U.S.A.).
Ben Jordan (champion feather-weight).
Tom Jordan (brother to Ben).
Mr. Coutant.
George Dunny (Stoke Newington).
Joe Musto.
Tim Stevens.
Joe Smith (boxing promoter).
Sam Samuels.
"Ponk" Andrews.
Bert Adams.
Ted Wood.
James C. Godfrey.
Tom King.
John Schratsky.
J. H. Johnston (boxing instructor).
Mr. R. Motram (West Hartlepool B.C.).
Mr. J. Carter (West Hartlepool B.C.).
Tom Sherman (ex-champion cricketer).
"Jewey" Cooke.
Tom Ireland.
Charles Chaplin.
"Sailor" Richardson.
Mory Hyams.
George Elliott.
Pat Daly.
Bill Pike.
Harry Roberts.
A. Wetheren.
Bill Baxter (ex-8st 2lb champion).
D. Mitchell.

LOST AND FOUND.

"I CALLED in answer to an advertisement for a boy," said a bright-faced little chap to Mr. Goldstein, the mill owner, who was a bulky, red-faced man. He was about to leave his private carriage to enter the office when thus accosted. With him was a golden-haired little girl, who listened to the boy with eager interest. "Well, how old are you and where have you been working?" said the mill owner, looking at the lad sharply. "I came from the country, sir, where my mother and I worked in a small mill since father died. Now she is gone and so I came here to the big city hoping to find a better job." "Well, you are too young, and a boy that don't know the city is of no use to me. My advice is to go back to your former home," said Goldstein in a tone of dismissal of the subject, then he turned to his driver and said: "Take Miss Alice where she wants to go." The boy—Philip Martin by name—felt a lump rise in his th at, and with a discouraged feeling walked listlessly down the thoroughfare. He had no home or friends and no shelter. Furthermore, he had spent nearly all his money in getting to the city. While meditating on what should be his next move he felt a gentle touch upon his arm and heard a sweet, low, childish voice say: "Never mind, here's a card with the name of my uncle on it, and he will give you work." Turning he saw again the face of the mill owner's daughter, Alice Goldstein. "It is all right," said she, "and never mind thanking me. I'd like the same thing happen to Will—that's my brother—if he was alone in a big city." Philip opened the paper containing the card and inside was a bright new half-a-crown. So unexpected was it all that as soon as the little Samaritan departed he burst into tears, whereupon some little fellows in passing called him "cry baby." Feeling very tired he sat down on one of the park seats intending to seek Alice's uncle when he had recovered his mental balance. He fell fast asleep and when he awoke the parcel which he brought from home containing a valuable recipe, a bible and his mother's photo had disappeared. Gradually, however, he thought of the little girl, of the card which bore the name of a possible employer and of his empty stomach. The thought of her and half-a-crown brought hope and comfort, so he proceeded to a restaurant and had his first square meal since arriving in the city. On leaving the place he again saw the Goldstein carriage and the fair Samaritan, who beckoned him to her side, and, much to his astonishment, held up the missing parcel, which had been stolen from him while asleep. Twenty years have passed since Philip Martin and Alice Goldstein met. During that time Phillip secured a good position and took up a study of medicine. He was now a prosperous physician, and one night was called into consultation, the case being that of a young man dying in squalor. As he entered the room his eyes met those of a beautiful young woman, who rose and extended both hands appealingly to him. "Do you not remember me?" said she; "do you not recall your first attempt to secure work in London." "Ah, indeed I do. Can this be the little Samaritan who saved me from despair? I tried in vain to keep track of you, but they told me you were travelling and I fancied you had settled down in married life. Maybe it is so:" "No," said she, "and I've done better by you, for I've followed your career these many years, and congratulate you on your great success with the Little Diamond Liver Pills." The doctor then listened to the painful story of the patient, who was the brother of Alice—the "black sheep of the family," who from boyhood had been alienated from his father and sister, was reinstated for awhile in his father's good graces, but later, through speculation, brought financial ruin and a suicide's end for the father. Dainty Alice, who had been supporting herself by teaching music, discovered his whereabouts, but too late, for he was at death's door. Dr. Martin on taking his leave said: "By the way, tell me how you found the parcel that day." "Well, I kept you in sight and so witnessed the act of the thief, and Jim, the coachman, made him give it up." As they stood talking Alice's eye fell on an old coin and a ring worn on the doctor's chain. The doctor read her thoughts and said: "Yes, that's the same coin, and it has been indeed a charm! There is my mother's photo, and, as you know, the recipe for the Little Diamond Liver Pills have saved many lives and reaped a fortune." They parted, but not before Alice's consent was given to his future calls, which resulted six months later in Dr. Martin's marriage to fair Alice. Prepared by the Little Diamond Liver Pill Co., 68, Stanmore Road, West Green, London, N. Price 1s. 1½d., per box of forty.—[Advt.]

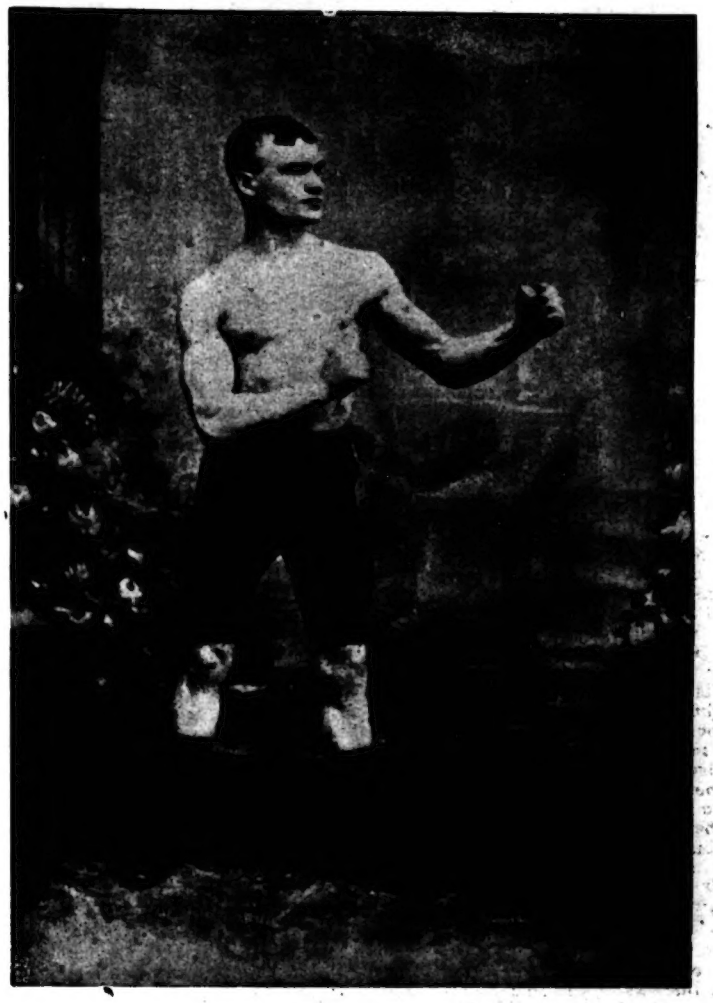
HARRY MEEHAN. HUGHEY MEEHAN. JOE JENNINGS. JACK HORNE. JACK CARRALL. TOM NEWTON.
FRED DELANEY. TOM SULLIVAN. BERT SULLIVAN. JACK POWELL. JIM RYAN.

A GROUP OF PROMINENT WOOLWICH SPORTS.

SHOOTING THE NEGROES IN NEW ORLEANS.

Racial Troubles, in which the White Population Retaliate on the Coloured People.

BRIDGET MADE A LATER APPOINTMENT.
The Hot Weather Made a.l the Difference.



GEORGE COOPER,
A Boxing Bantam, who Hails from Islington.

AN ELOPEMENT FRUSTRATED BY THE WIFE'S ARRIVAL.
A We!l Laid Plan Demolished Just as he Touched the "Ready."

THE REIFFS AND THEIR BIG Bank Account.—The Reiff Brothers (Johnny and Lester) from America have made themselves so familiar on the English Turf, not only in England, but in Ireland (Johnny on Thursday last pulling off an almost hopeless chance, and being nearly smothered in consequence by the enthusiastic sports of the Emerald Isle), that some account of their bringings up may prove interesting. The Reiff boys are credited with having in the past two seasons cleared up £40,000, which is deposited in the Bank of England. Johnny, the younger, is thirteen years of age, and Lester is nearly twenty. Both, of course, are light-weights. They announce their intention of spending the fall and winter at school in France with a view to fitting themselves for the care and enjoyment of the money they have acquired in the saddle. The two have been remarkably successful with their mounts, clearing up between them this season so far ninety-five races, one of which was the Prince of Wales £10,000 Stakes and gold cup, in which the Prince's Derby winner was left in second place, Johnny Reiff landing his mount for the big thing.

The boys were born at Cygnet, O., where their father was a blacksmith. In and about the shop the elder boy learned the love of horses. His oldest brother, Deb, now foreman of Croker's English stables, had considerable to do with local racing at Cygnet and in other Ohio towns, and through him Lester obtained his first mounts. He was remarkably successful, but it was not until about five years ago that he took to the saddle as a regular business. Two years ago the two went to England under the Croker patronage, and their success in landing winners has been phenomenal. They have a tidy notion of banking their winnings, and last year when they came home on a visit to their parents at Cygnet they purchased a nice little property at Findlay, O., and presented it to their father and mother, at the same time making such arrangements as will leave the parents comfortable for life. They are very popular at their former home, where the family is much respected.

There is nothing of the Young Bailey airs about Johnny Reiff. Mrs. Gamp remarked about "Young Bailey," "That all the wickedness of the world was print to him," but the epistle of Johnny Reiff to his parents shows that the boy is still a boy, and although in the incubating atmosphere of a training stable, it has not developed him into a premature man. The letter written by Johnny is characteristic. It is in big, bold, sprawling schoolboy characters, and reads as follows:—"Newmarket, England, July 7, 1900.—Dear Mother,—I will write you a few lines and let you know how I am getting along. Did you have much fun on the Fourth of July? There were races at Newmarket that day, and so I wore an American flag, and so did Lester. Lester rode a race in his, but I did not. The English did not like that very much, and most of them asked me what it was for. I said, 'Why, it is Fourth of July,' and they said, 'What does that mean?' I said 'If you will study history you will find out,' and that made them pretty sore. I won one of the biggest races of the year. The name of the race was the Prince of Wales Stakes, worth £10,000. It sounds pretty big, but that was what it was worth, and a gold cup, value £500. I have got nothing for winning it yet, but I expect £1,000. If he does not give me that much he is a pretty cheap fellow. Lester was third in the same race, and the Prince of Wales's horse that won the Derby this year was second, and I was so glad to beat him. I have won forty-nine races this year and Lester has won forty-six. I am third in the winning jockeys and Lester is fifth and Sloan eighth, so you see we are ahead of him so far. Deb is well and sends his love to all, and so does Lester. Well, I must close. From your son, John W. Reiff. To ma and pa."

BOOKMAKERS AND THEIR WAYS.—Joe Williams, of Lambhill, Scotland, is a bookmaker in a double sense. He has recently written a remarkably good article under the head "Holidaying on the Island of Arran." Joe Williams, whose portrait has appeared in THE MIRROR OF LIFE leads a dual life. As a bookie his denomination is Joe Williams. As a writer he signs the name to which he is rightful owner Richard Williamson.

SKITTLES.—A MATCH AT SKITTLES was played last Thursday at the Talbot, Englefield Road, De Beauvoir Town, N. The contestants were Mr. Phil Castang, the well known Kingsland penciller, and proprietor of Schubert's performing dogs and goats, and a gentleman prominently known in sporting circles down Curtain Road way. The terms of the match were to play twenty-one games of three chalks each, and on each game depended a substantial private side wager. The match was 6 ft. from the front pin, and a large ball was used by both players. Details: Twenty-one chalks (to be played all out).—The champion of the furnishing trade secured the first two games in good style, but then Mr. Castang let himself go, and placed the third and fourth to his credit. When the eighth game had finished they were "four all." Then the amateur ran up a sequence of five games in succession, Mr. Castang having some very bad luck in "cutting out" and leaving awkward corner pins, but after that he apparently got the proper weight of the ball, and making some remarkably smart shots, especially the hollow three, which he never missed, the game was called nine all. The nineteenth fell to Mr. Castang, but the twentieth the amateur secured, and when the latter set a go for the last and deciding game the interest was great, with Mr. Castang the general favourite. Two was set and tied. Two again came from Mr. Castang, who won the first chalk through his opponent cutting out at his first shot. Eventually Mr. Castang won a most interesting and gentlemanly game by eleven games to ten games.

THE ALLEGED QUEEN OF THE Gipsies.—Some time since a portrait and biography appeared in the *New York Herald* concerning "Pretty Molly Friar," then twenty-two years of age, who was crowned Queen of the Gipsies. It only recently came to the notice of Mrs. Brooks, of 30, Ampton Street, King's Cross, and this lady called up to THE MIRROR OF LIFE to make known her claim to this title. Mrs. Brooks asserts that Molly Friar is a usurper, whilst she is the legal heiress to the crown and title of "Queen of the Gipsies." We have always been under the impression that Mrs. Pooley Mace, with whom we have cracked many a bottle of wine, was "Queen of the Gipsies," but Mrs. Brooks's plain unvarnished story is that she is of the family of the Lees, and that when very young she was stolen from her cradle and exchanged for Jack Cooper's daughter Emma, who died the last of the Gipsy Queens. She gives details too long for publication; but the ground on which the Clothes Mart now stands in Houndsditch belongs to this gipsy family, and if Mrs. Brooks can establish her claim to be Queen of the Gipsies she can also establish her claim to this property, which is now thrown into Chancery for want of an owner. Mrs. Brooks was brought up by "Black Becky" when she was about three years of age. All the gipsies know Mrs. Brooks as Jack Cooper's sister, the heiress to the crown.

FREDERICK HART, OF THE THREE Tuns, East Street, Walworth, we are pleased to announce, is going strong and well. Hart, it will be remembered, as an amateur boxer, was one of the first to start the Islington Boxing Club, and has won several amateur competitions at 9st, principally in the South London district. Mr. Hart used to be referee at Bill Lee's, Bermondsey School of Arms, and also at Ted Hollier's, Rosemary Road, Peckham. Mr. Hart always keeps, and is a good judge of, fighting dogs, and he also possesses some good old English game cocks. As a supporter of boxing, Mr. Hart has backed such well-known exponents as Harry Ashley, of Bermondsey, Frank Scott, of Peckham, Bill Hoad, of Peckham, &c. Mr. Hart would be glad at any time to see any old and new friends.

STEP-DANCING.—REES MORGAN, of Aberaman, seeing that Peter Reefes, of Bridgend, challenges to step any dancer in Wales, Rees Morgan, of Aberaman, commonly called "Paddy Shan," is willing to step Reefes, of Bridgend, or George Watkins, of Pontypridd, from £5 up. Answer in THE MIRROR OF LIFE.

THE AMERICAN WHO MADE A record in English horse racing: Mr. Foxhall Keene.—One of the principal American sporting visitors in our midst at the present time in London is Mr. Foxhall Keene, a gentleman whose pessimistic views are such that he ventilates the theory that the ultimate destiny of man is disappointment misery, and disaster. Mr. Keene was wonderfully successful with his horse Foxhall, named after his son (American bred), which won several races in this country, notably the Cesarewitch of 1881. In 1881 Foxhall won the Cambridgeshire, winning two big handicaps in the same year, a most remarkable feat, only being once equalled when Rosebery won the dual event in 1876.

THE PUNTING CHAMPIONSHIP.—On Thursday, at Maidenhead, the professional punting championship contest brought out four competitors, W. Clements (Maidenhead), F. Nicholls (Egham), G. Haines (holder), and F. Haines (Old Windsor). G. Haines and Nicholls met in the final, and Haines won a hard race by 4ft. The course was one mile

THE DESCENDANTS OF TOM Cannon, the Bargeman who Fought for the Pugilistic Championship of England.—Instances of clever brothers and of sons that have shown marked ability in a profession different to that in which their forefathers have distinguished themselves are to be found among statesmen, members of the learned professions, athletes, and in most walks of life, but we doubt whether a better example can be discovered than that furnished by the Cannon family. As a horseman, especially when riding a two-year-old, Tom Cannon had no superior, whilst his son, the deservedly popular Morny, has for years held a foremost place amongst the jockeys of his generation. His brother, young Tom, proved that he, too, could hold his own with the best of his rivals until increasing weight compelled him to turn his attention to training. Then, again, Kempton continues to shine as a knight of the pigskin, and there is yet a fourth brother who has made his mark. This is Charles E. Cannon, who was born at Danebury on March 26, 1884. In due course he was apprenticed to his father for seven years and had his first mount on Melanyl at Stockbridge in 1898. It was not, however, until July 5, 1899, that he scored his first win, that success being achieved on Mandreperla (100 to 8), on whom he beat Madden on Flore filly by a neck in the Juvenile Plate at Salisbury. Quick to appreciate improvements and to seize upon them, the Cannon family are notably anxious to do the best for their patrons, and thus it comes that "Kemmy" and Charles have lately adopted the American "crouching" style of riding, and that with the most happy results. At Sandown Park a short time ago C. Cannon won the Selling Handicap on the despised Murthly, when he beat the redoubtable Sloan on Canderos at his own game in a field of 17, and those who saw that race cannot doubt that there is a brilliant future in store for young "Charlie."

THE CHAMPION OUTING OF THE Season.—The outing of the season took place last Tuesday. The well-known sport, Johnny Wakeman, arranges, on the day following Bank Holiday, for four-horse brakes, three-horse ditto, waggonettes, dog-carts, &c., to carry his friends and all that wish to go out for a pleasure trip. Last year, as detailed in THE MIRROR OF LIFE, Riddlesdown, in Surrey, was selected as the rendezvous, and the assembly was so pleased with everything that many offered to repeat the visit. The Rose and Crown was again selected as the centrebit, and once more all expressed themselves as perfectly satisfied. A late start was made, but as, owing to an unforeseen occurrence, one brake did not appear at the appointed time, Wakeman got together sufficient vehicles to carry everyone, and when they came upon the scene the four-horsed affair arrived. A quick start was then made, the carrying capacity of the vehicles being sufficient to give everyone comfortable seats. The members of the various clubs and labour unions mustered strongly round, but so orderly that the police had an easy job. Over London Bridge, through the Boro', Brixton, Streatham, Croydon, and Purley, the air resounded with the choruses of songs, till they reached the Rose and Crown. A splendid dinner was the next item, and all did full justice to the dishes of old England, i.e., roast beef, lamb, veal, &c., as well as the poultry, vegetables, pastry, jellies, and sweets that the worthy host (Mr. Herbert Nichols) provided. This gentleman did all in his power to make the party feel at home, and no one can do better than pay him a visit. The clouds now burst, and the ground too moist to walk on, Mr. Nichols opened the large hall, and to the strains of the band that accompanied the excursion, all danced themselves into a blissful state of content. Many vocalists did their best to amuse, and what with singing and dancing all enjoyed themselves till tea was announced. This, if possible, excelled the dinner, and reflected great credit on the promoter. Just before dusk the return journey was commenced, and the length of the procession considerably added to by the number of traps that arrived during the afternoon, whilst others met them as they went on their way. Wherever they stopped on the road they filled the place, and it was nearly 12 p.m. when they reached the end, and departed to sleep the sleep of the just.

A POLICEMEN'S DAY OUT.—MANY well-known athletes were included among the policemen who were competing at Wembley Park on Saturday. P.C. Lester, owes 1in., won the high jump at 4ft 9½in. The one mile walk was won by P.C. Morse, 100yd start, in 7min 54 1-5sec. In the open events A. E. Stone (Polytechnic H.), 6½yds start, won the 100 Yards in 10 1-5sec., and only just failed to qualify for the final of the 300 Yards Handicap, which L. L. Martin (Belgrave Harriers), 21yds start, won in 31 1-5sec. The City Police team, which won the tug-of-war, included Humphreys, one of the Powerful's Ladysmith men. The chief item on the programme of swimming competitions was the quarter-mile police championship. It was won by the 1898-1899 police champion, P.C. Robinson (Manchester City Police), D. C. Newall (City of London) being second, and A. P. S. Claro (City of London), third.

THE ONLY DOG THAT HAS EVER been Awarded a Medal for Gallant Conduct in the Field.—Second Lieutenant F. G. Alston, of the 2nd Scots Guards, who has been severely wounded in South Africa, is a brother of the late Lieutenant E. G. Alston, of the Coldstream Guards, who greatly distinguished himself in the fighting in British Central Africa in 1894-96, and was the possessor of probably the only dog that has ever been awarded a medal for gallant conduct in the field. This was a sable collie bitch of the name of "Flora," which was sent out as a companion for another collie named "Don." These two dogs were known respectively as "The Fox" and "The Lion" by the natives, who had never seen the species before, and greatly feared them. In the various engagements which took place both animals were very useful, marching at the head of the column, and on going into action invariably undertaking their share by barking and showing their teeth at the enemy. "Don" died of fever, and was buried at Zomba, but "Flora" subsequently returned to London, where she might frequently be seen at one time in the Foreign Office wearing the silver medal which was presented to her by private subscription.

AMERICAN ATHLETES STILL TO the Front.—American athletes continued their successful career by accomplishing good performances and annexing valuable prizes at the Celtic Football Club's sports at Glasgow on Saturday. Stanley Rowley, Australia, had entered, but was suffering from a sprain, and wired to say he could not run. J. W. Tewkesbury won the 120 Yards Handicap with 1½yds start in 12sec; M. W. Long was second from scratch to J. Ford, 4½yds start, in the 100 Yards (time, 10 1-5sec), and won the third heat of the Quarter-Mile Handicap from scratch in the fresh Scottish record time of 50sec, thus beating by 2-5sec E. C. Bredin's previous best. The final also went to Long in 50 4-5sec. Lewis Stroud, London B.C., 45yds start, won a second prize in the Half-Mile Cycle Handicap.

THE SPORTS OF THE IRISH Constabulary.—Some splendid performances were accomplished on Saturday at Ball's Bridge, Dublin, where the Royal Irish Constabulary sports took place. J. Mangan slung the 56lb weight 31ft 11in between the legs with follow, thus completely putting in the shade T. Phelan's record of 28ft 9in. T. F. Kiely (the hammer-throwing ex-champion) threw the 16lb hammer 146ft 1in. P. O'Connor, Waterford (whose six jumps worked out at the magnificent average of 23ft 7½in), won the Long Jump, from scratch, with the fine performance of 23ft 11½in; and W. J. Sturgess, of the London Polytechnic Harriers, and the walking champion of England, won the Mile Walking Handicap from scratch, in the fresh Irish record time of 6min 45sec.

THE WORLD'S JUMPING RECORD Beaten.—C. Matthews, of Pendleton, beat world's records in the jumping way at the Salford Football Club's sports at New Barns, Manchester, on Saturday. In two run spring jumps he, by a tremendous effort, cleared 37ft, thus beating by three-quarters of an inch the previous world's record of 36ft 11¼in.

A DOUBTFUL RUNNING RECORD.—IN the absence of Len. Hurst, who was to have contested a ten mile race at Southampton on Wednesday with F. E. Bacon, the latter made an attac on W. G. George's ten mile grass record of 53min 24sec. The track was very heavy, and rain was falling most of the time, but Bacon covered what purported to be a ten mile course in 49min 22sec.

TROTTING MATCH AT BURNLEY.—A trotting match for £40, which caused a large amount of interest, was decided at the Burnley Athletic Grounds recently, in the presence of several hundred people. It was between Booth's Jack Shephard, driven by Ridehalgh, and Heyworth's Tom, ridden by Albert Phipp, of Whalley. Tom received one hundred yards start inside one mile. Phipp handled his horse splendidly, and Tom maintained his lead all through, winning by fully his start, in the good time of 2min 45sec.

THE ONE MILE PROFESSIONAL Championship.—A magnificent race was witnessed by the 8,000 spectators assembled at Roker Park, Sunderland, when G. B. Tincler, of Dublin, and H. Cullum, of Cardiff, ran for the title of one mile professional champion. The Irishman took the lead at the start, but Cullum went to the front after a lap had been covered, and maintained his position until just before entering the straight, when Tincler challenged the Welshman. A splendid struggle then ensued to the tape, Tincler winning by a foot in 4min 35sec.

THE SERPENTINE CLUB.—ON WEDnesday last the final heat for the annual "Rickards" prizes over the distance of half a furlong was successfully decided in the Serpentine Lake, Hyde Park. The weather was far from pleasant, a nasty cold wind being accompanied by a drizzling rain; consequently there were but few spectators present. The race, however, proved a well-contested one. Mr. F. Clarke, one of the most energetic of the Serpentine Swimming Club supporters, and who has left no stone

unturned in order to further its interests, officiated as handicapper, starter, and judge. Brief details: 110 Yards Handicap.—Final heat: A. Vautin, 22sec start, 1; J. Vickers, 15, 2; H. Burden, 40, 3. Vautin passed the limit man twenty yards from the finish, and although hard pressed by the hon. sec. won by a yard; a yard and a half separating the next two. To-day the thirty-sixth annual captaincy race, distance half a mile, will be decided in the Serpentine, starting sharp at seven o'clock.

WHIPPETS. — THE SHEPHERD'S Bush Whippet Club held a meeting on Saturday, August 11, at Wood Lane track. There was an entry of no less than ninety dogs coloured on the card, and the handicapping was beyond reproach upon this occasion. Mr. R. Watson was referee, and his decision left nothing to be desired; but of course we must have our usual growl—we said what a good thing it would be when the new railway reached the grounds. But the railway played some funny tricks on Saturday last—some dogs they would not allow to travel, and some they did, and after the racing those owners who did go back to the station were permitted to take their dogs with them. So far, doubtless, the company may see some means to meet the requirements of their patrons. No owner will begrudge the fare for his dog. Anyway, the company will consider the matter. Now for the racing. The following were the winners of the first heats: Tip (Tottenham), 16lb, 32yd; Jones's Novice (Barnes), 15½lb, 33yd; Miss Bunk (Stoke Newington), 12½lb, 36yd; Bear (Stepney), 24lb, 19yd; Smith's Fan, 17lb, 30yd; Sam's Kate (Tottenham), 10½lb, 41yd; Allison's Acton Boy, 16½lb, 33yd; Nevill's Weasel (Tottenham), 11lb, 40½yd; Roger's Marie Stuart (Bayswater), 12½lb, 42yd; Ive's Sago (Tottenham), 15lb, 32yd; Harrington's Young Liz (Acton), 15½lb, 33yd; Harris's Polly (Poplar), 17lb, 24½yd; Tom's Emma (Aldgate), 11½lb, 33½yd; Tom's ("Young Phil" Harmer) Maud (Stoke Newington), 12½lb. 35yd. All these heats were closely contested. Final Heat: Fan, 1; Tip, 2; Miss Bunk, 3. All well away to a capital start; there was not much in it throughout, when Fan went away and won an exciting race. Mr. A. Glaze was marksman, and Geo. Thurling pistol-firer. The prizes were paid out upon the conclusion of the racing, and, well, gentlemen, there were no complaints, so all fair and square.

THE LADIES' KENNEL CLUB Association are giving no less than £6,000 as prizes in classes in their forthcoming canine show held at the Alexandra Palace on September 26. The most interesting (or one of the most) is that the pioneer of the whippet racing world has at last succeeded in being recognised by the élite of society, inasmuch as the above society, that has the patronage of H.R.H. Prince of Wales, has appointed Mr. Geo. Thurling as handicapper, and who has been instructed to refuse any entry of an undesirable dog or owner. The prizes for the whippet racing are as follows: First prize £15, second £3, third £2, and £5 to be divided between winners of heats not gaining a prize in the final. It is to be hoped that as the crême de la crême of society will be in evidence that the affair will meet with the conspicuous reward that it justly deserves.

SKITTLES. — MATCH FOR A £10 trophy.—Tom Hall (of Lambeth) defeats Worsfold. The handsome skittle alley, adorned with racing pictures, which is attached to Mr. William Brooke's, the Globe, Etheldred Street, Kennington, was crowded on the occasion of a match, recently decided, between Tom Hall (of Lambeth) and Worsfold, who contested a game of eleven chalks with a 15lb ball. Mr. Schaum (of the Borough) officiated as referee. Hall gained the first chalk. Worsfold the next chalk, afterwards they tied. It was indeed a grandly contested affair, and eventually Hall won by two chalks only. Afterwards a match between Messrs. Schaum and Regan, of the Borough, was another item of interest to be decided. Mr. William Brookes, of the Globe, in his usual affable manner, ably supervised the general arrangements.

HAROLD COLEMAN, LATE OF THE White Hart, Southampton Street, Camberwell, is going strong and well at the Florists' Arms, off Globe Road, Mile End. Harold is no mean exponent with the "mittens," and has boxed with many celebrities at home and abroad.

WALKING MATCH.—BOB FENTON (Doncaster) v. Davie (Norwich).—Over 2,000 people were within the Milton Athletic Grounds early last week to witness a two miles walking match for a stake of £100 between Bob Fenton, Doncaster, and Harry Davie, Norwich. There was a great amount of enthusiasm shown, and much money changed hands. Fenton, the Yorkshireman, was in fine condition, and was favourite throughout, winning a splendid race by overtwenty yards in 9min 8sec.

A NOTED SWIMMER DROWNED.—John Jones, a mason, was drowned while bathing at Llanelly on Saturday evening, having, apparently, been seized with cramp. He was a noted swimmer, and had greatly distinguished himself at various regattas. His son was bathing with him at the time.

J. DOLAN, IN REPLY TO BRENNAN, is quite prepared to run him for his own amount on any fair track in England. Also Dolan, of Leeds, is still open to run anyone in England two miles £100 or £200 a-side.

SKITTLES.—MR. J. WILLIAMS, OF Combe Down, played at the Foresters' Arms in that district fifty-two games at skittles, beating his opponent by forty-six games to six. Fifty-two games at skittles wants the shoulder power which few young men possess, and when the fact is taken into consideration that Mr. Williams is fifty-six years of age, the feat of knocking down the wood for fifty-two games is a most extraordinary one.

SWIMMING MATCH FOR A £10 Trophy.—On Wednesday last J. Brown and E. Woolgar met at the St. George's Baths, Pimlico, to decide a match over a distance of ninety yards for a trophy, value £10. They have met on several previous occasions, and each in turn beat the other. Thus a lot of interest centred in the match. Once again the struggle was a keen one, and after a capital race Brown proved successful by a yard.

THE CROSS-BUTTOCKERS' smoker will take place this day (Wednesday) at the King Henry VIII., Proprietor, Steve Morgan, Union Street, Boro'.

ARMY PEDESTRIANISM. — THE 3rd Scots Guards regiment held their annual sports on Wednesday last, in which R. G. Ryan done some good performances, covering the quarter mile in 1min 2sec, half mile in 2min 20sec, and 100 yards in 11½sec, taking in all on the day three firsts and one second. This is not a bad performance in one day for a lad of twenty years of age, and only 5ft 6in.

TOM SHERMAN'S BENEFIT.—THE benefit for this old-time cricketer, born December 1, 1825, will take place on Saturday, September 15, when a cricket match will be played on Mitcham Green between a team of Croydon Amateurs and Charley Richardson's XI.

JOHN JENKINS.

A Welsh Boxer who is well up in the 8st 10lb Division.

(With Portrait.)

THE following is his record:—Beat Morgan Pugh, 1½rds; beat Patsy Green in 3rds; beat Bill Casey in 5rds; draw with Miah Grace, 27rds (giving him 2st in weight); beat Ted Davies in 21rds; beat Llewellyn in 2rds; beat Crocker in 3rds; beat Bill White in 5rds; beat Ted Davies in 4rds, and again in 1½rd; beat Bill Gates in 2rds; lost with Alf Wright, 6rds, on points; entered the 9st championship open to all England at Sheffield, and met Bill Corbett, 8rds, lost on points; boxed 3rds with Harry Brooks; boxed 3rds with Tom Causer at Tom Simmonds's, in London; boxed Ivor Thomas, 8rds (took Alf Wright's place, also himself out of form); beat Jack Northey in 1½rd; also travelled two seasons in the West of England, meeting all comers, and now claims the 8st 10lb championship of Wales.

EXCITING EXERCISE AT THE FAIR.

Girls Display their Gymnastic Abilities on the Sliding Rings.

(Subject of Illustration.)

THE roundabouts, the shutes, and the flying rings give a specie of danger to the fun of the fair. If anything, the female visitors are equally as clever as their masculine friends, and although at the critical moment they generally give a shriek, they are always the first to suggest a return to the switchback, and delight in the rushing sensation through the air, holding on to dear George or Jack for protection. Those who stand by and look on seem to share the pleasure of the voyagers, more especially if there appears to be some little element of danger; in most cases the more the danger the most spectators.

GEORGE COOPER.

A Boxing Bantam Who Hails from Islington.

(With Portrait.)

GEORGE COOPER stands about 5ft 3½in, and tips the beam at 8st 2lb. He has met the following lads with varying success:—J. Thomas, J. Guyon, J. Mack, J. Lewsey, D. Cripps, B. Springhall, H. Dally, D. Morbin, D. Parkes, Bill Fielder, and C. Simpson.

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AN ELOPEMENT FRUSTRATED BY THE WIFE'S ARRIVAL.

A Well Laid Plan Demolished Just as he Touched the "Ready."

(Subject of Illustration.)

FRANCIS TUDOR, with his luggage, and accompanied by a lady, stood before the bank cashier and was receiving a large sum in bank notes. With so much money everything should have been happiness, when suddenly and without warning another lady appeared upon the scene, and just as Francis was about to place the notes in his breast coat pocket a violent jerk sent him flying and scattered the cash. The new comer had seized him by the collar, and with several angry ejaculations explained to the astonished bank officials that she was unfortunately the man's wife, and the lady opposite was one with whom he intended to elope, which she had so far frustrated.

BRIDGET MADE A LATER APPOINTMENT.

The Hot Weather Made all the Difference.

(Subject of Illustration.)

"SCORCHING hot!" So Bridget, who was alone in the house, wisely disrobed herself, and did her work in her dressing-gown. This was not in London, but New York, but there, the same as here, the gentlemen in blue do not disdain to receive from the hands of the cook a bit of pie or cold shoulder, so William Flannagan, who did duty in this quarter, quietly rapped at the door, but for once Bridget could not be seen opening the door. She showed her trilby and told her follower to call a little later in the cool of the evening, when she would be presentably attired to receive him.

JOE BENNETT.

A Once Popular 6st 10lb Boxing Champion.

(With Portrait.)

LESS than a decade ago Joe Bennett was to modern boxing what Joe Hoiles (The Spider) was to pugilism. Brought out by the late Frank Hinde, Joe for a long time challenged all England without a response, but, in time, like many boxers before him, Joe had to knuckle down, if not to superior merit at least to youth. At the present time Joe could do with what is known in boxing phraseology as the 'elping 'and.

W. J. ROBINS.

The Boy Pedestrian Who Has Retired From the Track.

(With Portrait.)

W. J. ROBINS, champion boy walker, has retired from the track, after winning thirty-four races out of forty-four. He leaves London for Sussex, and will immediately enter upon his duties as a stable lad, with a good prospect of distinguishing himself in the near future as a jockey. He weighs at present 5st 3lb. We wish him every success. Robins, we may mention, has walked a mile in 8min. 5sec.

OUR LETTER BOX.

LETTERS are lying at our office for:—
George Slark.
C. McCoy.
Robert Fitzsimmons (three).
A. McDonald.
J. W. Abbott.
Frank Kempton.
Sam Fitzpatrick.
Billy Ross.
"Greek" George.
"Dido" Plumb.
Bobby Dobbs (two).
P. J. King.
Jack Everhardt.
John F. White.
J. Gans (two).
Charles Connolly.
P. Gorman.
R. H. Page.
Alec Hurley.
Jem Holloway.
Frank Leon (two).
Billy Plimmer.
George Fox Giles.
H. Chance Newton.
Driver Pincher.
Charles Mitchell.
Ernie Greaves.
Jem Hall.
Ted Wakeham.
J. Corbett.
Claude Thompson.
George Campbell.
Frank Gess.

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FANNY LEAR.

Strange and Eventful Life of a Beautiful Girl.

A FEW years ago Fanny Lear, the celebrated American demi-mondaine, once the mistress of the Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia, nephew of the Czar, died in Nice, France. She was a Philadelphian by birth, and was expelled from France some time ago for publishing an offensive work entitled "Roman d'une Americaine en Russie." The book gave an account of her liaison with the Grand Duke in St. Petersburg, her first meeting with him at a masked ball, her clandestine introduction into the Winter Palace, and her final banishment from Russia, and the banishment of her royal lover because he turned thief and stole royal jewels, presumably to lavish on his darling Fanny. The Grand Duke made Fanny subscribe to an oath when she became his mistress to keep faith with him and bestow no favours on another. Fanny was American born, the daughter of Rev. Dr. Ely, a Presbyterian clergyman of Philadelphia, a man of some distinction in science and letters. If she had gone wrong early in life it was because she had been left too much to a hot-tempered, bigoted, and narrow-minded mother, who had been taught the doctrines of passive obedience with a thick stick. Her daughter, however, was well schooled, and had learned French, Latin, and music.

Her romance in life was in connection with the Grand Duke Nicholas Constantinovich, Emperor of All the Russias, whom she met at St. Petersburg. Her appearance then must have been very fascinating from the following description:—

One night in the winter of 1871 there was a masked ball at the opera house at St. Petersburg. Among the company present there was an American girl of extraordinary beauty. She had dark hair in great profusion, and an imperial sort of forehead, broad, open, and white as ivory. Her dark eyes flashed under her long lashes like diamonds, and were all aglow with wit and kindness. The nose was firm, yet of that delicate aquiline which denotes resolution and courage. The mouth was wondrously full and soft, the upper lip small and formed like a bow.

About eleven years ago a book was published in Paris which caused a decided sensation. It was called "Roman d'une Americaine en Russie," and was written by Miss Hattie Blackford, better known as "Fanny Lear." In it the authoress, aided by some hack writer on the boulevards, related her amorous adventures with a person whom she delighted to call the "G. D." and whom the Almanach de Gotha called the Grand Duke Nicholas Constantinovich, a nephew of the then reigning Czar, and for this the authoress was expelled from Paris, and her low victoria with Russian horses were seen no more on the Bois.

When Miss Blackford was in Philadelphia she was robbed of some money at a house on Cherry Street. After the man had been arrested she declined to prosecute him. When she was a young girl she attended a Bible class taught by Judge Pierce. She was seen on Chestnut Street by one of her old companions, who had not heard of her history. Overjoyed at seeing her old friend she rushed across the street and embraced and saluted her with a kiss.

Hattie turned to the companion of her better days, saying:—

"Leave me at once; you do not know what I am. If you walk a block with me on Chestnut Street your character is gone for ever."

THE NEGROES AND WHITES IN DESPERATE CONFLICT.

Violent and Vicious Mob Law at New Orleans.

(Subject of Illustration.)

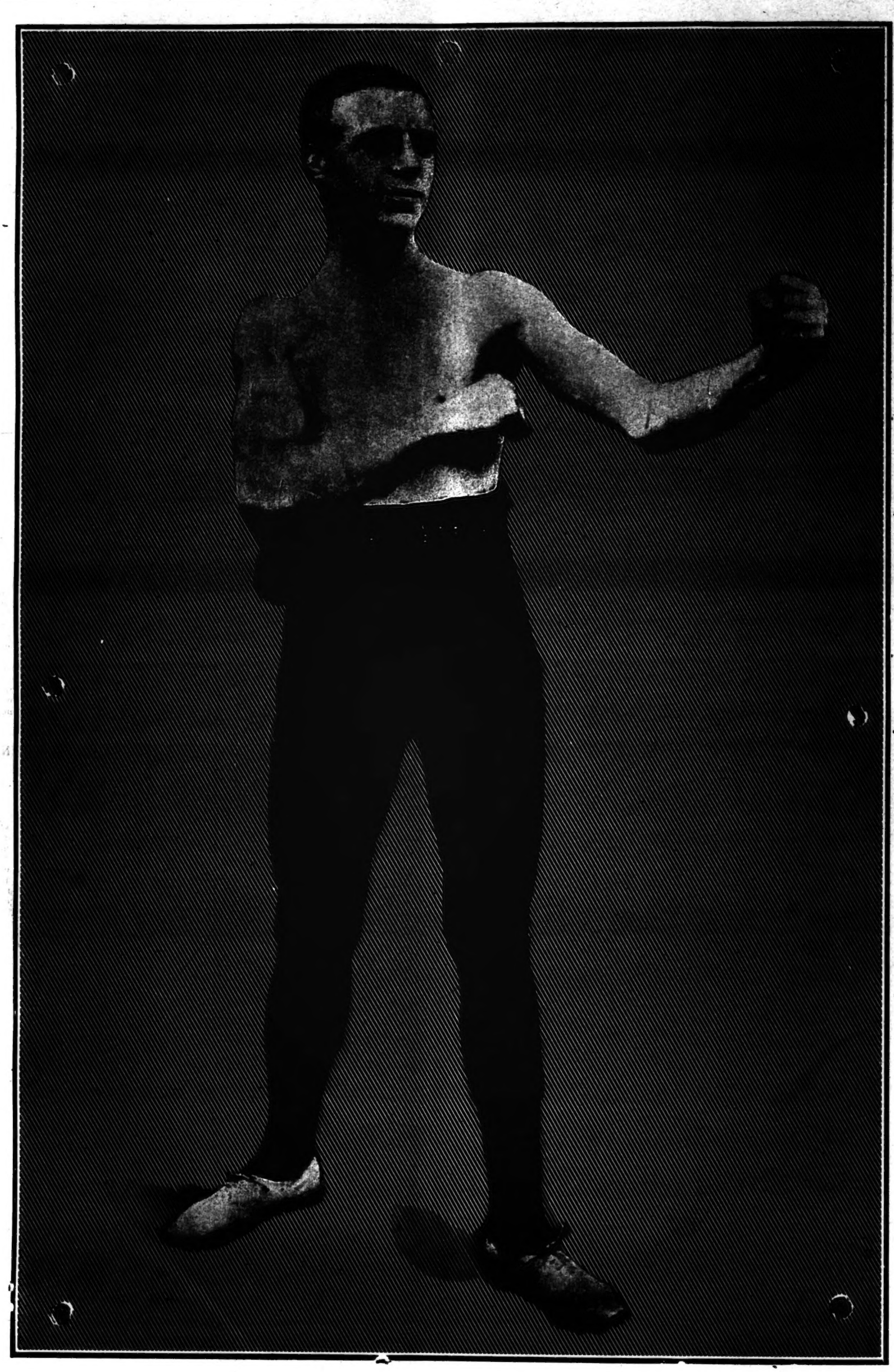
ROBERT CHARLES, the negro who was the cause of the rioting at New Orleans, was smoked out of a house in which he had taken refuge and shot to pieces. Before he was ejected he killed three and fatally wounded four of the mob which was besieging the house. The finest negro school in the city and thirty cottages occupied by negroes were burned by the mob. Since the beginning of the racial troubles here six negroes and four whites have been killed and ten negroes and twenty whites wounded.

SHOOTING THE NEGROES IN NEW ORLEANS.

Racial Troubles in which the White Population Retaliate on the Coloured People.

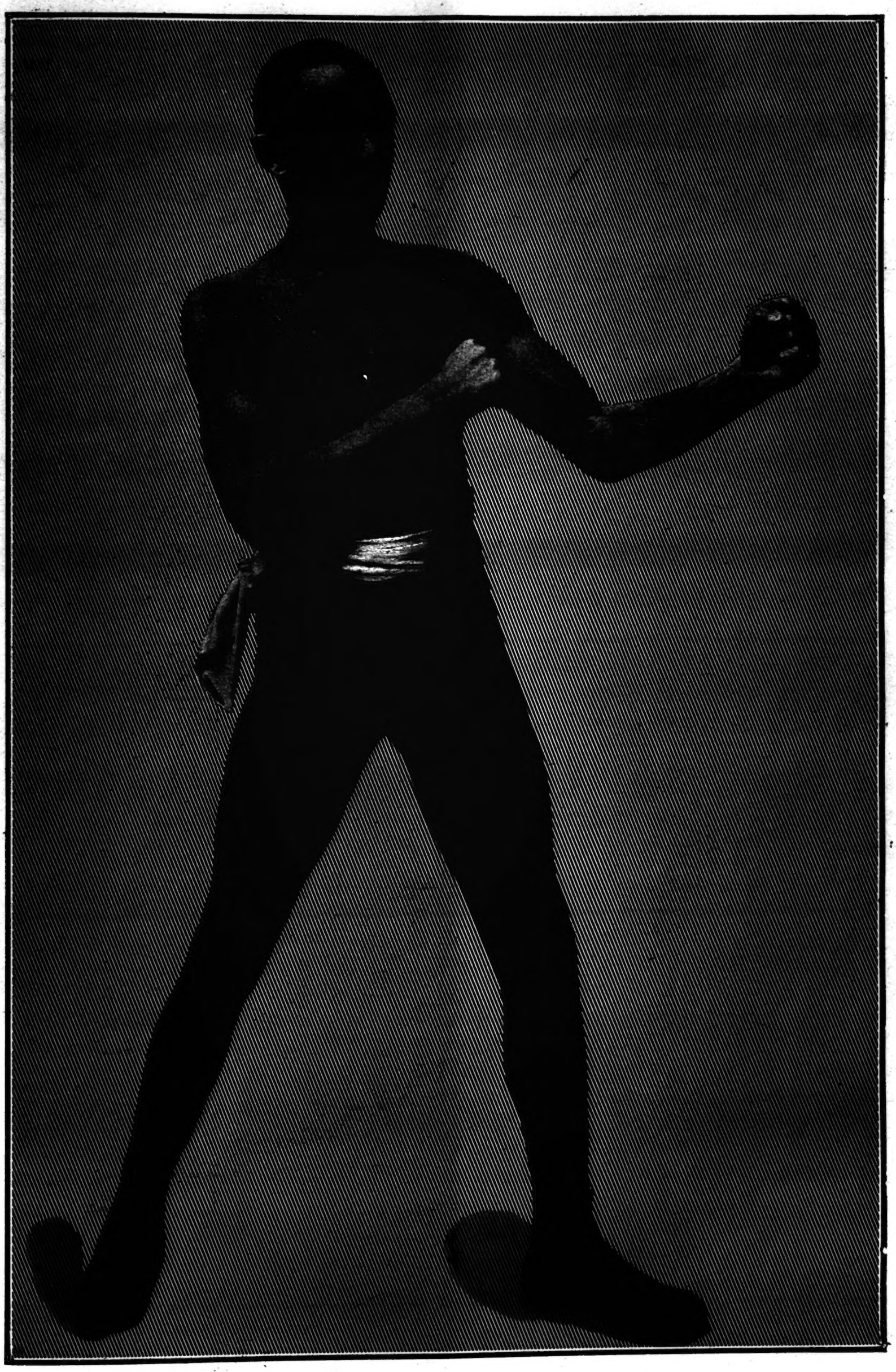
(Subject of Illustration.)

DESPERATE conflicts have occurred from time to time between the blacks and whites in New Orleans, and the troops have been called out to restore order. Shooting a nigger is considered a benefit to society, and the negroes have been lynched without trial or word. They are utterly detested, but outnumbering the whites they stand in menacing attitude. The subject will have to be dealt with by the Government; until then martial law will prevail in that part of the world.



JOHNNY HUGHES,

Who Trained for His Contest with D. Johnson under the Care of "Dido" Plumb and "Ginger" Osborne, at Southsea, Hants.



GEORGE DIXON.

Who was Recently Defeated in Six Rounds by Tommy Sullivan at the Seaside Athletic Club, New York, U.S.A. Dixon's Arm was Broken in the Sixth Round.

EVENTS TO COME.

THE following contests will take place during September :—

SEPTEMBER 3.—At Wonderland, Jack Everhardt v. Tom Ireland, twenty rounds; Bill Pike v. "Ginger" Elliott, twenty rounds.

SEPTEMBER 10.—George Gardiner (of Ireland) v. Frank Craig ("The Coffee Cooler"), twenty rounds; Bert Adams v. "Ponk" Andrews, fifteen rounds.

BOB FITZSIMMONS KNOCKS OUT GUS RUHLIN.

(Special Report.)

NEW YORK, AUGUST 11, 1900.—Robert Fitzsimmons, former heavy-weight champion of the world, knocked out Gus Ruhlin, recent conqueror of Tom Sharkey, at Madison Square Garden last night in the sixth round of a contest fought at such a killing pace that the defeated man came close to death as the result of exhaustion and punishment. The match was to decide which man should meet Jeffries for the championship. Ruhlin, in view of his decisive victory over Sharkey, whom he knocked out, was fancied by the sporting element. Young, heavy, fast, and scientific he seemed to have manifold advantages. But the great lanky Cornishman came into the ring like a stake horse, despite his thirty-seven years. He fought with splendid skill, and displayed all the fire of his best days. Fitzsimmons carried the young Ohio giant along faster than heavy-weight was ever taken before, and after the knock-out in the sixth round Ruhlin lay unconscious for hours. He bled from ears, nose, and mouth, and physicians remained in attendance upon him until late to-day, when the defeated pugilist was pronounced out of danger. It was agreed that if Fitzsimmons shows such amazing form against Jeffries he will be again champion.

TOM GRIFFITHS (POPLAR) V. W. Wylan (Poplar) for £10.—At an early hour on the August Bank Holiday these lads met at a snug little spot down the river to decide which was the better man in the old style. The affair originated out of a battle a fortnight previously, which ended unsatisfactorily—hence the present engagement. Of the two contestants Griffiths is the better known, having contested at Bow Grounds against young Bill Baxter (son of W. Baxter), and recently he defeated Bill Peach, of Stepney, at the National Sporting Club. Wylan stood some inches over Griffiths, but there was little to choose in their respective weights. On the lads toeing the scratch for the battle it was soon evident the fight would be a short and severe one, as no sooner was "Time!" called than they set to work in earnest, and for eight rounds there was nothing to choose between them, although Griffiths seemed the stronger. In the ninth round and last Tom, after a little sparring, got within distance, and sent his left heavily home on the stomach, which brought Wylan's head forward, and Griffiths, seeing his chance, sent his right across with great force. This had the desired effect, and the battle ended after twenty-seven minutes' duration. Timekeeper and referee, a well-known ped. As Wylan is not satisfied, no doubt they will shortly meet again. The winner was seconded by Young Fitch.

THE BARNSBURY BOXING CLUB.—We have received a long letter from the secretary of this club, which is too extensive to publish here, the gist of which is the revising the old rules which govern boxing contests. The governing powers of the Barnsbury B.C. suggest that two independent sportsmen should judge a boxing contest, while a representative from the sporting press should act as referee. Should any boxers averse to competing under old rules wish to have a hand in the framing of new will they please address the President of the Barnsbury Club, 55, Barnsbury Road, N.

GEORGE SLARK, OF HOLLOWAY, MEETS DAVE WALLACE, OF HOLLOWAY, WITH KNUCKLES UNGARNISHED.

UNSATISFACTORY TERMINATION.

THERE IS PLENTY OF ROOM IN the Cattle Market, Holloway, once Copenhagen Fields, for Dave Wallace and George Slark to perform. Many years before the stones were laid for the new market, and the oaken pens brought from Old Smithfield, this spot was an old camping ground for the Fancy, as a perusal of the records of the prize ring will show. Dave Wallace is the last person we should expect to play the game at knuckles up, from a little incident which once took place at Brighton, at which "Pedlar" Palmer was the principal actor; but perhaps Dave, with the advantage of a stone, considered "Pedlar" Palmer and George Slark two different beings. Hearing that these Holloway champions wished to know which had the best right to the title of Holloway "cham," the cattle salesmen of the neighbourhood and others provided a good purse (£50) and a spot free from objectionable intrusion. This was no match made on the spur of the moment, but one in which both lads went into training for the event, George Slark scaling 8st 6lb, and Dave Wallace pulling the beam down at quite a stone extra. Young Slark, who was once upon a time Professor Newton's pet pupil, has a bit of the Terry McGovern aggressiveness in his onslaughts, and this Dave Wallace soon found to his cost. From the commencement of the contest it looked as if George Slark was well able to present the extra weight to Dave Wallace, whose condition was more of the flabby order. It must be remembered that when a boxer makes a swinging uppercut, and his opponent jumps up to avoid, there is every chance of the jumper up receiving a hit below the belt. If this is not a serious affair, and the boxer hit thinks he has a good chance of winning, he does not appeal to the referee; but if he thinks he has taken on a bigger order than he can execute, or to use a Yankeeism, cut more than he can chew, he appeals to the referee. This was the case with Dave Wallace. Dave accused George of having intentionally struck him very much below the belt. As the referee, who was bound to watch the tactics of both fighters, were he a capable functionary, did not see the blow struck, he should have disregarded Dave Wallace's appeal, and have ordered the lads to fight on. Instead of this the contest ended in disorder, the referee reserving his decision.

BOXING AT SEAFORTH SANDS.—Bert Martin (the black) v. Billy Thomas, of Bootle.—Boxing is very popular at Seaforth Sands, judging by the crowded attendance at Professor Alf Harry's Sparring Pavilion on Wednesday last to witness a twelve rounds contest between Bert Martin (the black) and Billy Thomas, of Bootle, for £15. Both men were in grand condition when they stepped in the ring, Martin being looked after by "Bucky" Taylor, Alf Bright, and Jack Daw, whilst Young Mac, Joe Addeley, and Billy Healy looked after the wants of Thomas. Ernie Stanton, ex-bantam-weight champion, was referee; Charley Blackburn, retired 9st 4lb champion, held the watch. Round 1. Both men fought hard from the call of time, honours being even. Round 2. The black forced the fighting, and they fought all over the ring, science now being thrown at one side, and they slogged away for all they were worth. Time came as a welcome relief to both, excitement now being at fever heat Round 3. As they came up it was seen that the black had got forcing orders, and swinging left and right on Thomas's jaw, floored him, and seemed to have the fight in his hand. Betting now was 6 to 4 on the black. Round 4 and last. As they came up it was at once seen something was wrong with the black's right hand, as it had got knocked up in the previous round, and although fighting gamely with his left, although Thomas had slightly the best, Martin's seconds, seeing he could not use his right hand, threw up the sponge. The referee gave his decision to Thomas. So ended one of the best fights ever witnessed in the district for a long time. Martin's backer not being satisfied a new match has been made, to box in four weeks' time, for £10 a-side and a £10 purse. Previous to the contest of the evening several exhibition bouts took place, Billy Brierley, of Liverpool, and Alf Bright, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, boxing three scientific rounds, and the grand wind-up was between Professor Alf Harry, of Cardiff, and Charley Blackburn, retired 9st 4lb champion of Lancashire, who boxed four hard and clever rounds which met with great applause from the vast audience, which sent everyone home satisfied that they had seen one of the best entertainments ever seen in the Liverpool district.

J. SEDDON, SEEING LANDER Bevan is in want of a match, will box him for as much as he can find twenty three-minute rounds. By staking a deposit it will be immediately covered.

GEORGE DIXON DEFEATED BY TOMMY SULLIVAN.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

AT THE SEASIDE SPORTING CLUB, Coney Island, N.Y., the one-time invincible George Dixon succumbed to Tommy Sullivan, of Brooklyn, in their battle at 122lb. The end came as the men shaped for the seventh round, when Tom O'Rourke, Dixon's chief second, admitted defeat for his man, and, claiming that his left arm was disabled, refused to permit him to continue, which left no other alternative for the referee than to declare Sullivan the victor. Upon examination Dixon's arm was found to be broken in two places. Dixon was getting all the worst of the body punching each was administering, and just before the close of the sixth round was looking appealingly towards his corner. It looked simply a case of youth being served. As a matter of fact, Dixon looked particularly big about the body. Sullivan was willing to mix it up on the slightest provocation, and it was the concensus of opinion that Dixon was licked, and well licked. It was a popular victory, and was greeted with wild cheers. A great volley of cheers greeted Dixon when he entered the ring. Sullivan's adherents made themselves heard by a blast of tin horns, which they sounded upon the slightest occasion. The betting was 2 to 1 on Dixon, and considerable money changed hands.

GLOVE FIGHT AT WALSALL.—An attractive programme of boxing was arranged to take place at Walsall on Wednesday night last by Professor W. L. Neve in his boxing pavilion, the chief item set down for decision being a contest between Joe Davis and Charley Roberts, both of Walsall, who were billed to box eight rounds for a purse. Both are well-known in the district, and are of the bantam class. Davis is the better known, and at one time was looked upon as a coming lad. He commenced boxing eight years ago by running up to J. Wright in a competition; beat R. Bardell, 6rds; drew with Bardell, 10rds; drew with Tom Cullis, of Wolverhampton, 4rds; beaten by Harry Bradshaw, 10rds; beaten by Harry Hughes, of Wolverhampton, 4rds; beaten by Charley Roberts for the 7st championship of Walsall and district, at Transfield's Circus, Walsall, January, 1899. This pair met a fortnight later when a draw resulted. Roberts has been in the game as long as Davis, but the latter has been his only opponent. The pair were well matched in every respect, and their previous contests have always produced close struggles, consequently a third meeting was looked upon with interest. Most wretched weather prevailed, rain falling in torrents. Nevertheless, a fair company assembled. The contest, however, was reduced to six rounds. Davis was seconded by "Blondin" Hawkins, and Roberts by Jack Brown, of Walsall. Of the two Davis shaped much better, and constantly led for the face, Roberts relying mostly on his right, but on account of the big gloves used little damage was done. The pair put up a good display, but Davis was always to the fore with his left leads, and in facing each other for the last time was apparently a sure winner. Roberts forced the business and had the best of several good rallies and finished up the stronger, the verdict being a draw. The promoter was timekeeper, and George Holden, of Walsall, the old timer, was referee.

TED WOOD CALLED UP TO THE MIRROR OF LIFE on Wednesday to say, Seeing that Charley Goode, of Portsmouth, requires a match, Bill Lampshire, of Islington, will box him twenty rounds at 8st 4lb for £25 a-side and N.S.C. purse only. Any deposit left at THE MIRROR OF LIFE office will receive prompt attention, and an early answer will oblige.

STALYBRIDGE GYMNASTIC CLUB.—A valuable gold and silver belt, value £50 (full value guaranteed), will be given by this club for an 8st 2lb championship (give or take 2lb). This belt will be added to a sweepstake of £5 each. If eight men enter the winner will take belt and £30, runner-up £10. Entries to Jack Haggerty close on August 20 at the Stalybridge Gymnastic Club. This will allow the entrants one month to train, September 20, the day of the Manchester races, being the time appointed for the contest.

GEORGE HARPER, OF SALFORD, would like to hear from some boxer that is going to the States of America about November. Any letter addressed G. Harper, 35, Walter Street, Salford, will find him.

HARRY COOPER, OF LAMBETH, would be pleased to box Chips, of Walworth, in the old style, or with small gloves, if any gentleman will give a purse. An answer through THE MIRROR OF LIFE will oblige.

"YOUNG" ANGELO, OF IRON-ville, is open to box "Punch" Vaughan, of Liverpool, at catch-weight for £25 or £50 a-side, and the welter-weight championship of the North. An answer through THE MIRROR OF LIFE will be attended to.

JACK EVERHARDT AND TOM IRELAND AT WONDERLAND, SEPTEMBER 3.

JACK EVERHARDT AND TOM Ireland met at THE MIRROR OF LIFE on Monday, and after some little debate agreed to contest for 75 per cent. of the receipts at Wonderland on the evening of Monday, September 3. Ireland and Everhardt will weigh in at THE MIRROR OF LIFE at two o'clock on the day of the contest. Neither man to exceed 10st, under a forfeit of £25. The purse will be divided thus: 75 per cent. to the winner and 25 per cent. to the loser. The side bet will be £100 a-side. This contest will take place one week previous to the Craig v. Gardiner contest. MIRROR OF LIFE to appoint referee and timekeeper.

ARTICLES.

That the men contest for 75 per cent. of the gross receipts at Wonderland on the evening of Monday, September 3. That neither man shall exceed 10st under a forfeit of £25, to be deposited at THE MIRROR OF LIFE. The contest to be for twenty rounds. The 75 per cent. to be divided as follows: 75 per cent. to the winner and 25 per cent. to the loser. The side bet to be £100 a-side. THE MIRROR OF LIFE to appoint timekeeper and referee and provide gloves.

(Signed)
TOM IRELAND,
JACK EVERHARDT.

Witnesses:
R. JOSEPHS,
BILL BAXTER (ex 8st 2lb champion).

BOXING AT MALTA.—LOVERS OF the noble art are being catered for in good style here, and in consequence the second show given on the 2nd inst. was witnessed by a packed house, many having to be turned away, not even standing room being left. Details:—Four Rounds Contest: Milligan, 3rd R.W. Kent, beat Abrams, 3rd R.W. Kent.—A good set-to, Milligan showing some very pretty work, and winning easily. Six Rounds Contest: Banks, 3rd R. W. Kent, beat Gould, 3rd R.W. Kent.—Banks a good deal the lighter, but forced the exchanges throughout and won comfortably. Exhibition Sparring: Sergeant Tom O'Leary, 3rd R.W. Kent, v. Private Vardy, 5th N. Fusiliers.—What was looked for as likely to be a good show was spoilt by Vardy losing his temper and going for his man, ultimately knocking him clean out in the third round. The audience showed their disapproval of Vardy's tactics by letting him depart in silence, and heartily cheering O'Leary for his good show, as he was a stone the lighter man. The next to pair were Pioneer Brooks, 3rd R.W.K., v. Drummer Wright, 3rd R.W.K. This bout delighted the whole house, and the general opinion was that a better display had not been witnessed at Malta. The contestants were cheered again and again on quitting the ring. Then came the tit-bit of the evening, a ten rounds go for a fiver a-side and a purse of £6, provided by Staff-Serjeant Harriss, between Petty-Officer Underdown, H.M.S. Victorious, and Private Batchelor, 3rd R.W.K., brother-in-law to "Darkey" Wallace. The lads stripped in fairly good condition considering the climatic conditions under which training is carried out here, but Underdown had the advantage of height and a couple of pounds in weight, and as soon as the word "Go" was given he went for his man, and at the end of the second round it looked as if another would finish it, but half-way through the third Batchelor, with a left uppercut, caught Underdown under the chin and knocked him on to the ropes, and if he had had the strength he might have brought off a surprising win, but he had taken too much out of himself in the first two rounds, and both seemed glad when "Time" was called. On resuming Underdown went for his man again, and giving him no rest, ultimately crossed him with his right half-way through the eighth round, and knocked him out. Underdown was heartily cheered for his win, showing the audience was impartial, and Batchelor came in for a good ovation for his plucky stand. The wind-up of the evening was a six rounds contest between Private Haley, 5th N. Fusiliers, and Lance-Corporal Baker, R.W.K. A really good show for the first two rounds, Baker scoring fast, but in the third in trying his right at the body he hurt his hand, and had to cry a go. (N.B.—It was afterwards found out that Baker had knocked one of the small bones of his hand up, and he had to go to a doctor.) So ended a splendid evening's sport. Great credit is due to the promoter, Staff-Sergeant S. Harriss, Gymnastic Staff, for the excellent arrangements made. The ring (a 16ft one) was pitched in the centre of a 24ft raised stage, allowing of everyone getting a good view of the proceedings. These shows will be kept going now a start has been made, with a view of encouraging boxing in all departments prior to the annual championships. Officials of the evening were: Referee, Lieutenant Heathcote, Superintendent of Gymnasia; judges, Lieutenant Coles, R.M.L.I., and Lieutenant Barry, Royal Navy; timekeeper, Company-Sergeant-Major Healey, Royal Engineers; M.C., Staff-Sergeant S. Harriss, Gymnastic Staff.

BILLY GORDON IS WILLING TO box Jack Nelson, of Newcastle, the best of twenty three minute rounds if Mr. Jimmy Lowes or Will Curley will give a purse.

SATURDAY EVENING AT WONDERLAND.

BERT ADAMS MEETS HIS WATERLOO.

AN ASSEMBLY OF CLOSE UPON 1,000 witnessed the entertainment, and all were perfectly satisfied with the bouts. The contest between Frank Craig and George Gardiner promises a house that will beat record, and at any price will be packed to excess. Tom Ireland issued a challenge to Jack Everhardt (America) to contest the best of twenty rounds at 9st 12lb, but since then they at THE MIRROR OF LIFE office made a match for £100 a-side, give or take nothing, to take place at Wonderland on Monday, September 3, THE MIRROR OF LIFE to appoint referee and timekeeper. Brief Details.—Six Rounds Contest: "Ginger" Elliott beat Dave Griffiths.—Griffiths did not like hard hitting, and after having the worst of the exchanges, retired in the second round. Six Rounds Contest: Abe Hyde beat Tom Thacker.—The last-named laid down when hit hard at the first meeting. Six Rounds Contest: Joe Barrett beat Alf Leeper.—This was science against strength and pluck, and though Leeper did his utmost Barrett scored well, and won. Special Six Rounds Contest: Bill Hough beat Bert Adams.—The latter holds an unbeaten record (having won in all nineteen battles), but this time he paid the penalty for boxing with a sprained hand, and considering he took physic enough for three men on the Thursday the bout may be passed over. But it will be a lesson to Adams (who made a splendid fight of it) not to engage in a contest when fit to be in bed. Four Rounds Display.—George Harding and Jem Sweeny.—Interesting and clever. Six Rounds Contest: Jack Fitzpatrick beat "Dummy" Forest.—The first-named was about a stone and a half the heavier, and despite "Dummy's" extra game show, Fitz drew away and won on points. Six Rounds Contest: Tom Lloyd beat Bill Dickenson.—This was a hard battle, but Lloyd (who a few years ago was a member of a prominent club affiliated to the A.B.A.) gradually scored best, and getting in front gained the award. During the evening THE MIRROR OF LIFE acted as referee, Bob Knottias timekeeper, and Ben Harris as M.C.

"PONK" ANDREWS (BETHNAL Green) v. Bert Adams (Spitalfields).—A match made at THE MIRROR OF LIFE.—As an additional boxing dish to the larger repast—the contest for the middleweight championship between George Gardiner, of Ireland, and Frank Craig, of England—Joe Smith has succeeded in bringing these two lads together. They box at Wonderland on the night of the big entertainment fifteen three-minute rounds for £25 a-side and Joe Smith's purse of £30, £20 to go to the winner and £10 to the loser. The lads weigh in at 9st, give or take 2lb, at THE MIRROR OF LIFE on September 10 (the day of the Craig v. Gardiner contest), and a forfeit has been deposited by each man for their appearance in the ring and also in regard to scaling at the necessary weight. Besides the above there will be a fifteen rounds contest between Ernest Brady, of Newcastle, and Archie Wright, of London, Bill Johnson, of Canning Town, and Tommy Loates, of Poplar. Editor of MIRROR OF LIFE appoints referee and timekeeper.

JAMES KIRBY SEEING THAT Stoker J. Dorny, of H.M.S. Adelaide, is in want of a match, Jim Kirby, of Bermondsey, would like to box him ten or twelve rounds if any promoter will give a purse worth boxing for.

WE HAVE RECEIVED THE FOLLOWing from Johnny Hughes.—Johnny Hughes, accompanied by his trainers, "Dido" Plumb and "Ginger" Osborne, left their quarters at Southsea en route for Stalybridge, breaking their journey at Rugby. As the match is at catch-weight, Johnny has been able to build himself up, and feels confident of success on Wednesday, the 15th.

BILLY PLIMMER AND GEORGE Corfield Matched.—On Monday last, at Sheffield, Billy Plimmer (Birmingham) and George Corfield (Sheffield) signed articles calling for a twenty two-minute rounds contest, at catch-weights, for £100 (open to £200) a-side and a suitable purse. A sum of £50 a-side was posted to bind the match, and the remaining amounts become due as follows: £25 on August 24, and £25 on September 3. Offers of purses will be entertained up to August 24, and the match will be decided on or about September 10. Plimmer will commence to train this week from the Cross Hotel, Kingswinford, near Dudley.

BILL PIKE AND "GINGER" ELLIOTT met at THE MIRROR OF LIFE office and signed articles to box fifteen rounds at 8st 4lb (give or take 2lb) at Wonderland on the same night as the match between Tom Ireland and Jack Everhardt, which is fixed for Monday, September 3. THE MIRROR OF LIFE to appoint referee and find the gloves.

PAT DALY IS OPEN TO BOX JACK Everhardt for £200 a-side and the N.S.C. purse at 10st 4lb.

BEN JORDAN OFF TO AMERICA.

THE BERMONDSEY LAD TO MEET TERRY McGOVERN.

ON WEDNESDAY MORNING LAST Ben Jordan called at THE MIRROR OF LIFE overjoyed at the good fortune which had befallen him. This good fortune, which was to meet Terry McGovern for a big purse, is told in the following letter which Ben submitted for perusal:

[Copy.]
Branch Hotel,
28th Street and 6th Avenue,
New York,
M. Dowling, proprietor.
New York, July 27, 1900.

FRIEND JORDAN,
I suppose you will be surprised to hear from me, but as this is a thorough business proposition I thought I would write you. The Horton law ceases here, and all fighting ends September 1, 1900. Now what I propose to do with you is to give you a guarantee of 4,000dols.—win or lose. The money to be placed in Al Smith's hands the day you arrive, or anybody that is satisfactory to you, with passage tickets for you and trainer back and forth. Now, Ben, if you think well of this you will have to come over at once as it will be the last fight. It is McGovern you are to fight, as you could not get that amount of money win or lose from any one else. I am writing to the Editor of THE MIRROR OF LIFE to-day, so you can go there to receive passage tickets. You will want to cable me receipt of this when you start at my expense. I think you should accept this offer, as it is a lot of money to make in a few weeks, and there will be no Brady business about this.

Yours truly,
MARTIN DOWLING.

No wonder Ben Jordan was jubilant. A guarantee of 4,000dols. win or lose, placed in the hands of one of the most eminent sportsmen in America is certainly not bad business. The following is Martin Dowling's letter to THE MIRROR OF LIFE:—

[Copy.]
Branch Hotel,
28th Street and 6th Avenue,
New York,
M. Dowling, proprietor.
New York, July 27, 1900.

To the EDITOR of THE MIRROR OF LIFE.

DEAR SIR,—I wrote to Ben Jordan to come over before Horton law ends, September 1, and told him to go to you and get tickets—anyway, he wishes to come over. The fight will be against McGovern. Whatever the amount of tickets is let me know, and I will send draft to you at once. Saw letter from "Doctor" from Al Smith, and was very sorry he is laid up with his old complaint again. Very glad to hear he was coming back soon. I had pleasure to see group you had taken with Sam Fitzpatrick. I hope you are well, and give my best regards to "Doctor" and all inquiring friends.

Yours &c.,
MARTIN DOWLING.

The tickets were duly purchased for Ben Jordan and his trainer, the latter being Ben's brother Tom, who trained Ben for his contest with Eddie Santry—a contest which Jordan might have won had he been more careful in the selection of his diet. The brothers Jordan were seen off to their destination on Saturday by a MIRROR OF LIFE representative, and they departed on their journey well satisfied. We hope to give our readers the full, true, and particular account of this battle from our correspondent at the ringside.

CONTEST AT SHEFFIELD.—CITY Boxing Club.—There was a good attendance here recently, when a programme of exhibition boxing and a contest was got through. The contest of the evening was between Young Cockney (of London) and Tom Fleming (of Sheffield), who were to box ten rounds, each of two minutes' duration, with 6oz gloves, at catch-weight, for £5 a-side and a purse presented by the manager, Tommy Garside. Young Cockney, who is a native of London, is seventeen years of age, stands 5ft 1in, and scaled about 7st 4lb. On July 28 he won a contest at the City Club. Tom Fleming is a Sheffielder, seventeen years of age, 5ft 6in tall, and weighed about 7st 4lb. This was his first appearance in the ring as a principal. In the opening bout Cockney was the first to get to work. After several clinches Fleming got home a couple of right-handed swings on Cockney's head. The Londoner then set about Fleming in a most determined manner; he landed one very hard punch on the jaw, which put the Sheffielder rather abroad, and Cockney, following up his advantage, had Fleming all but beaten, the call of "Time!" coming as a welcome relief. The second round was fought at a great rate, but neither displayed much science, the bout being a slog, of which Fleming had much the best, he sending Cockney down several times, though Fleming himself was weak at the close. The third meeting was a vigorously fought one, Fleming depending on swinging blows, whilst Cockney kept jabbing Fleming on the face with the left, the "Blade" bleeding profusely. Before the end arrived Fleming twice sent Cockney down with right-handed blows. The fourth round proved to be the last, as after Cockney sent Fleming across the ring with a left-handed punch on the face, the latter fought viciously, and sent Cockney down five times. On the last occasion Cockney was knocked clean out of time, and his seconds picked him up and carried him to his corner, the verdict going to Fleming. Percy Laycock, of Sheffield, was referee, and A. Smith timekeeper.

TOM KING IS OPEN TO BOX JACK Walker, of Paddington, the best of twenty rounds at 7st 10lb, give or take 2lb, for a side stake and best purse offered.

HEXHAM HOUSE SALOON, NEWcastle.—On Saturday evening the attendance at the Hexham House School, Newcastle, was fully up to the summer night average, if not, in fact, better. The programme was an unusually interesting one, all the events decided being of the most enjoyable description. The set away bout was between J. Johnson and "Young" Griffin, the latter of whom had not been in evidence for a while. It was indeed a fine display by the youngsters, and never has a harder three rounds been seen than those that took place between Tommy O'Niell, of Gateshead, and H. Aleck, of Santa Cruz, for they went at it from start to end in most vigorous of styles. Tom Dixon, who, we may state, fights Jem Barry in October at the N.S.C., then gave a fine display with J. Mason, the pair coming in for much applause as appreciation of their efforts to please. This formed the first portion of the programme, which had been greatly enjoyed. The *piece de resistance* of the evening was a six rounds contest between "Darkey" Carpenter, of Newcastle, and G. Atkinson, of Gateshead. They were a well-matched pair, and both entered the ring in first-class condition. On commencing the first round they led simultaneously, and then some slight exchanges were followed by some work of a heavy character. Atkinson got on a good left, and then there was more half arm work. They clinched, and on breaking away Carpenter swung his right, landing on Atkinson's jaw. The Gateshead fell and lay as if going to be counted out, but the call of time came to his rescue. In the second round they again led off together, and the proceedings soon became of a busy description. The third and fourth rounds were greatly in favour of Atkinson, but in the last two "Darkey" scored so frequently and well that he rubbed off the points against him, and adding more gained the verdict, which the loser's father, the well-known openboat rower, Harry Atkinson, like a sportsman said was a just one. The winner was seconded by Tom Dixon, Tom Spring, and Young Elliott, and the loser by "Spider" Carr, Bob Ford, and Jack Mullen. The referee was Jack Palmer, and the timekeeper Martin Nealis. For next Saturday night J. Sharp and H. Aleck are matched.

GEORGE DUNNY, OF STOKE NEWington, called up to THE MIRROR OF LIFE office on Monday and informed us he was willing to box Ernest Brady, of Newcastle, or any lad in Leicester at 7st 4lb if the West Hartlepool Club or any club in the North will give a purse and allow travelling expenses.

HARRY NORRIS WOULD LIKE TO box any amateur lad in Tooting, Mitcham Merton, and Wimbledon at 8st 10lb, if Joe Smith will give a trophy worth training for. An answer through THE MIRROR OF LIFE will lead to business.

CHARLEY ESMOND TO TOM PASHley.—Hearing so much of the boxing abilities of Tom Pashley, of Hull, Charley Esmond, who scales 10st 7lb, in condition, will box him at catch-weight for his own sum and the best purse offered in Hull, Leeds, or Bradford. Chad Heald or Billy Morgan preferred at 10st 7lb for any sum. Business only meant.

NEXT WEEK

We shall publish a Full Account of the Great Battle between

BOB FITZSIMMONS

Former Heavy-Weight Champion of the World

AND

GUS RUHLIN

The Conqueror of Tom Sharkey

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT AT THE RING SIDE.

Order from your Newsagent at once.

PHOTOS GIVEN AWAY.—I will send one "CHOICE CABINET" as a sample to any bona fide applicant, also FREE List of Rare Books, &c. Genuine Transparent Playing Cards, 52 in pack, 1s. 9d. and 3s. 6d. Be in time. Address, **M. L. REID, West Green Road, London, N.**

THE MOBILE COMEDY QUINTETTE are topping the bill at the Tivoli, Glasgow, and at the bottom of the bill at the Queen's, doing six numbers on Monday night. These are Glasgow's strongest coloured favourites.

BESSIE LEE (COLOURED PATTI) has made the biggest success of any soprano vocalist yet on Moss and Thornton's tour. She broke all records at Edinboro' Empire last week. George Aytoun is her sole business manager. She has just tripped to Belfast for a fortnight at the Empire.

MR. FRED MILLER HAS A FINE company at the Paragon. Dan Leno tops a merry crew of comedians, dancers, sketch artists, &c.

HARRY TATE, IN HIS MIMETIC sketch entitled "Contempt of Court," with his famous imitations of well-known artists in the music-hall world, is greatly appreciated at the Royal, where a particularly strong programme may be sampled.

ARTISTES ARE HERE TO-DAY AND gone to-morrow, and very often a clever turn is seen at a hall and is afterwards lost sight of for years. I take this opportunity of advising lovers of the mysterious to pay a visit to the Holloway Empire and see what they think of the genial Chinaman rejoicing in the name of Chung Ling Soo and his marvellous tricks.

PROBABLY NO MUSIC-HALL sketch ever enjoyed or ever will enjoy the popularity that surrounds "Humanity." The song of "Only a Jew," sang by John Lawson, shortly followed by the thrilling fight on the staircase and the wholesale smashing of gas globes, bottles and plates still continues a strong item in any music-hall bill of fare. The sketch is paying yet another return visit to the Mogul, Drury Lane, where it certainly shows no signs of diminishing in public favour.

MR. LAWRENCE BROUGH AND strong company are appearing at the Crown Theatre, Peckham, in the enormously successful farcical comedy, "The Lady of Ostend." The play was first tried at Terry's Theatre, where it had a successful run. Mr. Brough then toured it for thirty weeks in the provinces, playing to first-rate houses all along. The play has been considerably altered since its first production, and goes with a swing from start to finish. Mr. Brough is to be warmly congratulated upon the most excellent selection of clever folks to whom the interpretation of the play has been entrusted; all work hard and well for the success of the show.

THE OXFORD PROGRAMME IS simply an array of stars from start to finish. R. G. Knowles is going strong, and his engagement is described as a farewell one, we shall miss those white trousers; Dan Leno is capitally fitted with songs, from which he extracts every ounce of fun; Chirgwin; the sweet-voiced Gotham Quartette; dainty Celina Bobe who plays the fiddle like an angel; Cliff Ryland, a quaint patterer with a constant blink; Gus Elen, with 'Mrs. Carter" and a new song; Brothers Edgar, who indulge in a "snacking" match; the Lancashire lads, all clogged, foot it merrily (there are eight of 'em), and many other first rate turns push along the fun.

THE HOLLOWAY EMPIRE PROgramme last week was a good one, but this week goes one better, and it is no wonder that the handsome building is well filled at both performances, the wonderful drill team (from the Empire), the American Zouaves, whose marvellous agility and precision is an object lesson in military science, demonstrate the art of scaling a wall in a way that provokes unbounded applause; Fred Poplar, a genuine comedian; Verno and Voyce, a couple of clever duettists; Regan and Ryan, who indulge in quaint foolery; Cyrus Dare, a clever mimic; Phillips and Terry, in a comic wordy warfare; Maxford and O'Neil, two clever singers and comedians; Chung Ling Soo, fresh from Alhambra triumphs, is making the people sit up with his marvellous trick of catching live goldfish in mid air; and a wonderful series of animated pictures, including Lord Roberts hoisting the flag at Pretoria, entry of Lord Roberts into Pretoria, the Battle of Pretoria, Crisis in China, panoramic view of the Paris Exposition, and many other first-rate and up-to-date pictures complete the programme.

DAVE

JOHN JENKINS,
A Welsh Boxer who is Well Up in the 8st 10lb Division.

EXCITING EXERCISE AT THE FAIR.
Girls Display their Gymnastic Abilities on the Sliding Rings.

DISGUISED AS A MAN A YOUNG LADY STARTLES HER FRIENDS.
The Swimmers Prepare to Hurriedly Leave the Water.

JEM KENRICK,
A Clever Lad, Pupil of A. Long, of Hackney.

TOM SAYERS' COLOURS.

JOE BENNETT,
A Once Popular 6st 10lb Boxing Champion.

A GROUP OF SPORTSMEN.
Prominent Among them is the ex-Middle-Weight Champion, Ted Pritchard.

TOM "GREEK" SMYTH,
A Light-Weight of the Emerald Isle.

HER ANTICS ALARMED THE LANDLADY.
The Parlour Boarder Went in for a Bath.

W. J. ROBINS,
The Boy Pedestrian, who has Retired from the Track.

THE FLOTSAM AND JETSAM OF PUGILISTICA.

I.

DOONEY HARRIS.

(STILL LIVING.)

It has often been remarked what a little thing will sometimes set in motion a train of thoughts which carries you back in your reminiscences of scenes and incidents of years long gone by until the memory arrives at some figure or circumstance which has been long neglected, forgotten and rusty in the lumber-room of the mind until attention is thus suddenly directed to it. Instantly you become interested and absorbed by it, although it has no apparent relation whatever with the subject which was first engaging your attention. The subtleties of the memory are often a fine spun web, the filaments of which stretch in all directions and for unknown distances, and yet are so closely and minutely connected and interwoven that the distance from any one point to any other may be traversed by routes so fine as to be almost imperceptible, and the way by which you have arrived at your destination from your starting point can seldom be explained or traced a second time.

A few years ago our eyes happened to light on a stray paragraph in an American paper. It did not mention Dooney Harris, or even deal with pugilism, but by some strange process of reasoning it carried our thoughts back to the late fifties, to the many stirring events that took place in the ring during that period, and the crowd of men that took part in them, and after passing lightly from one to another the mind finally rested at Dooney, and that is how we came to make him the subject of our "chat" for this week.

The niche Dooney fills in the temple of pugilistic glory is not a very prominent one. Only three of his battles in this country reached dimensions important enough to be deemed worthy of record in "Fistiana," and two of these he lost, and although other victories are ascribed to him on American soil they were mostly over men little known on this side of the Atlantic, while he was vanquished in the final struggle between him and Chandler for the middle-weight championship. Nevertheless, our hero was for nearly ten years a familiar figure at the ringside if not in it, and he possessed a very interesting personality. He was frequently to be seen at the sporting houses of the period, especially at Nat Langham's and Ben Caunt's, where he more than once behaved in a manner which we are sorry to say forces our regard for the truth into conflict with the desire we naturally feel to treat his memory with tenderness. Dooney, in fact, was rather a rough, devil-may-care individual, whose morals were not of the highest or most estimable order. In fact, Dooney would never have left these shores had it not been for the rape of a coat from an hotel, in conjunction with Mickey Gannon. Mickey stayed and stood his trial, but Dooney did a "guy" to America, and is like the good ship that never returned.

Dooney Harris was born in London in the purlieus of Blackfriars, in 1831. His parents were poor, and his education was neglected. Of his childhood little is known, except we remember him relating with much gusto how he once walloped a big butcher boy who was the terror of all the other boys in the district. Early in life he became associated with rather a queer set, which, perhaps, is not to be wondered at when we consider the nature of his surroundings, the poverty, squalor, and immorality amidst which he was reared, if indeed Dooney can be said to have been "reared" at all. "Dragged" up would perhaps better describe his early preparation for the race of life. However, it is certain the acquaintances he formed as a young man were not exactly those which would be approved by the chairman of the Y.M.C.A. One day Dooney was in the Coach and Horses, then kept by Ben Caunt in St. Martin's Lane, with a companion to whom he was acting as a blind. To cover his pal's movements Dooney commenced to pick a quarrel with another person in the bar, and began talking in a very loud and threatening manner. Naturally he attracted the attention of all present, leaving the thief free from notice while he (the thief) sidled up to a gentleman and endeavoured to steal his watch. The prig, however, was not tradesman enough at his work, or the gentleman not sufficiently engrossed in the merits of Dooney's giving tongue about the question at issue. The watch had scarcely left the stranger's fob when the theft was detected, the thief was seized, and old Ben Caunt was called to give him into custody. As the prig had not effected his purpose Caunt thought that it would be sufficient if he simply chucked the fellow out of the house into the street, and was just coming from behind the counter for that purpose, when Dooney Harris, anxious to save his priggish pal, and fearing possibly that he would be charged as accessory, sparred up to Caunt, and landed Ben a tremendous blow on the right cheek-bone. A stream of blood was at once seen to flow down from an ugly gash, clearly not effected by the fist alone. Dooney had inflicted the wound with a knife or some other weapon. The bystanders rushed upon him at once, and held both him and his pal until the arrival of the police, when they were duly marched off to Bow Street, where on the following day Dooney was sentenced to six months' hard labour for his share in the transaction.

The above is not the only disagreeable incident of the kind with which Dooney Harris was connected. At the same house, the Coach and Horses, he was once drinking with some of his companions, amongst whom was Ward, of Greenwich, who beat Kendall at Lower Hope, in 1846. Ward was engaged in making a bet with young Ben Caunt—the champion's son—and Patsey Reardon in relation to a fight which was about to take place. Young Ben was arguing with Ward in a half jocular way, when Dooney joined the conversation and became most insolent in his manner, whereupon young Ben told him if he was not civil he would put him out. This only made Dooney's behaviour more objectionable than ever, and in the end Ben did put him out. Furious at this treatment, Dooney returned and kicked up a fearful disturbance, threatening to kill young Ben Caunt if he came within reach. Old Ben did his best to appease the man, and told his son to go upstairs out of the way. The latter was in the act of doing so when a decanter was flung at him with great force, striking him on the back of the head and cutting the scalp open. He fell down in a heap on the stairs, bleeding profusely, for the scalp is extremely vascular, and a comparatively small wound makes a great show of blood. Dooney Harris, Ward, and other friends, alarmed at the serious turn the affair had taken, bolted pell-mell out of the house, and although their whereabouts were well known, no steps were taken, as nobody knew which of them had actually thrown the vessel. Suspicion rested at the time upon Ward, but whether rightly or wrongly we are unable to say. Young Ben Caunt, who was a fine, handsome young fellow, after his father's death, took a beerhouse called the Nottingham Castle, at King's Cross. While residing here young Ben met with a violent death. He was driving in a gig when the horse shied and young Ben was thrown out on to a heap of stones, causing a fractured skull, from which he expired.

Harris's first fight in the ring was against "Nick" Hannigan, a man much his superior as regards science and also experience, who could well afford to give Harris the half stone in weight which represented the difference between them, Harris scaling 9st 7lb, and Hannigan at 9st. Hannigan had fought a number of battles, and was one of the toughest, gamest, and cleverest light-weights of his day. Yet Harris made a magnificent struggle for victory, although clearly overmatched, proving himself game to the last, and a cunning, if not neat, boxer. It was not until the fifty-sixth round that Dooney's seconds threw up the sponge. This Hannigan, by the way, was to have fought Pulham, with whom the still living Jack Hicks fought his first battle, but the latter was apprehended at the instance of his wife, and bound over to keep the peace, forfeiting the deposit money to Hannigan. Dooney Harris next fought Jack Baldock, at Lower Hope, in 1857, for £25 a-side. Baldock hailed from the Stratford neighbourhood, and is not to be mistaken with Jack Baldock, of Islington, now of Lower Clapton (still alive), another man altogether, although the names are the same. Again it looked on form as though Harris was overmatched, for Baldock was a most determined and plucky fighter, who would have vanquished Owen Lee, the gipsy lad, but for the fact that darkness put an end to the hostilities, and compelled a draw. Owen Lee had beaten "Ginger" Joe and Donovan, fought desperate battles of many rounds, and had only yielded to Bos Tyler, then a rising star, after a sanguinary encounter of over three hours, until all the betting was on Baldock at long odds, and an easy win was anticipated for him. Imagine the surprise of the crowd at the ringside when, after twenty-four rounds had been fought, Harris carried all before him, and looked like rapidly finishing his man off. At this point the police interfered, and Baldock, who had been sadly disfigured, refusing to renew hostilities, according to the referee's decision the glories and laurels of victory were given to Dooney. This was a reversal of form which cost many a punter his bet. The money was paid over to Dooney Harris at Bingham's, the Hand-in-Hand, London Road, in spite of a protest from Harry Orme on behalf of Baldock. The last-named died some thirty years ago at his house, the Jane Shore, Shoreditch. After this Baldock fought Seeky Hart, the son-in-law of old Joe Rowe, the present patriarch of the prize-ring; and for an old 'un, made a really marvellous fight. He was beaten, but not until fearfully battered, while his victorious opponent was hardly recognisable at the finish. We remember seeing these two men put on the gloves at Sadler's Wells, and considering their bulk and age, their display was wonderful. Dooney's last battle in England was against the afterwards renowned Jim Dillon, which took place near London, in February, 1859, for £25 a-side, and consisted of fifty-two rounds, in the last of which our hero received a sledge-hammer blow on the jugular which felled him like an ox. He was still insensible when time was called, and Jem Dillon thus won his first battle. Subsequently he (Dillon) defeated Smith, the "Brighton Doctor," and others. After this things went badly with Harris. Although his clever and tricky fighting attracted the notice of the fancy, the swells never took very kindly to him. The true Corinthians left him severely alone. His associates were not such as gentlemen cared about, his name was in anything but good repute, and partly in consequence of this, and partly perhaps from ill-luck, the next year or two found our hero terribly hard up. He still hung about the sporting houses, trying to make a bit whenever he could by fair means or foul, but things going from bad to worse, in 1863, owing as we said above to a bit of gonophing in which Dooney Harris and Mickey Gannon were connected, he (Dooney) took the sensible course of making up his mind to go to the States and there start a new life. Jemmy Massey, the "Stunted Lifeguardsman," had already preceded him, and so had Barney Aaron and Jack Thompson, brother to Joe Thompson, who, by the bye, died some ten years since in Australia. Dooney Harris landed at New York in December. The American Continent was then seething with a conflict between the North and South, which was about to burst in all its fury. But this did not at first concern Dooney, whose thoughts were still on pugilism bent. He acted soon after his arrival as second to Dick Holywood in his combat with Johnny Keating, for £200 a-side and the feather-weight championship, and then Dooney found a backer to match him against Patsey Marley, a 10st man. Dooney, in this contest, gained first blood, first knock-down blow, and eventually won the battle, Dooney's opponent throwing up the sponge at the end of the 17th round. He distinguished himself greatly throughout the battle, displaying more science and cleverness than had been expected, and but that he injured himself by his fist coming in contact with the posts he would have put Marley to sleep sooner than he did. Altogether, the fight was a capital one from start to finish, and a good send off for Dooney, which led up the same year to a fight with Butcher Martin. In this battle Barney Aaron was one of Dooney's seconds. In the sixth round Dooney dropped on his knees, when Martin hit him several times. Barney Aaron at once claimed a foul for his man, which was, of course, allowed. As he won the stakes (£200), and some bets which brought his winnings up to nearly £400, Harris was now in clover for a time, but he was not a man to keep money long. He soon found himself again in want of the pieces, and challenged any man in America to fight at 10st for $5,000. This was accepted by Tom Chandler, of San Francisco, a man who had a great reputation in the Pacific Slope, and did not want for backers. The battle took place on April 13, 1867, and proved a most desperate one, uppercuts, side-senders, rib benders, and straight 'uns following one another in rapid succession, a slashing and sanguinary encounter, both men fighting with a furious recklessness almost unprecedented.

Several times the Californian man made Harris's ivories rattle, and at last put in such an uppercut that he sent Dooney spinning back to his corner, where he remained insensible until 32sec had expired, when Chandler was proclaimed middle-weight champion of America. Dooney Harris had a very hard time of it during the first few years of his American experience, and at one time was glad to earn a trifle as a labourer. Later on he joined the Federal Forces of the North, and we believe he was present at some important engagements. We have seen it stated in American journals that he formed one of Sheridan's force when that distinguished General arrived at Cedar Creek and snatched a victory from the brave and brilliant Longstreet just as the latter was carrying all before him. If this account is true, among his gallant opponents was Jem Massey, who, emigrating to America in 1855, had at the outbreak of the war joined the Confederate armies, and was amongst the hundreds left on the field of battle on that eventful day. James's body was subsequently recovered by his companions in arms, with whom he was a great favourite, and by them he was decently buried.

When Jem Mace visited America to encounter Mike Donovan, Dooney Harris emerged from his obscurity, claimed friendship with old Jem, and found the claim allowed, but few men who had known Dooney as an habitué of the Blackfriars Road, London, when he wore his well greased black locks in the fashionable flash turn under style of the period, would have recognised the thin visaged, toothless old man which was all that remained of the once flash and formidable Dooney Harris. Unfortunately he journeyed to the States when to be Irish or have an Irish name was the only passport to favour and esteem. In fact, many Englishmen who could not afford to be above racial prejudice, like Frank Ambrose ("Yankee" Sullivan), born on Saffron Hill, had to change the Smith, Brown, Jones, or Robinson into Irish patronymics if they wished to get a living by dealing or working. Had Dooney been careful when he won a big fight he might have bought himself a policeman's job, which would have run him into about 300 dollars, and brought him (Harris) in about six golden sovs. per week—and what an education had Dooney for such a berth! At the present time Dooney is a kind of helper in an hotel, and in America no doubt Dooney will end his days. All his companions of former days in England have long since been "boated," or the grass is growing green upon their graves. In fact, Blackfriars Road with its departed Rotunda (the place where fighting men most did congregate, and where Johnny Walker and Jem Mace did the Grecian statues) and its purlieus, where robberies took place more often than prayer meetings, have long since disappeared, and also a place where Dooney is said to have "carried the stick"—Herbert's Buildings, at the back of the old Vic, the once home of Transpontine blood and thunder tragedy, but now used as a coffee palace.

The Vic at this time was a favourite transpontine place of amusement, in which the blood and thunder drama most abounded, and about which the then lion comique singer Vance used to sing. His song terminating in the flash patter of the day thusly:—

Now my pals I'm going to slope,
See you again I hope.
My young woman is a-waiting so be quick,
Then join in the chi-ike the folly you all like,
For I'm off with my donor to the Vic.

The chi-ike in those days was not Whot-ho! or Whot 'Air, but Whoy!

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Two or three bottles will cure those ugly pimples on the face.
Three bottles will cure the worst cases of canker in the mouth and stomach.
One to three bottles will cure all humours in the eyes.
Three to five bottles will cure salt-rheum.
Six bottles will cure the worst cases of dropsy.
Three to six bottles will cure dyspepsia in its worst state.
Five to seven bottles will cure that dreadful disease, scrofula.
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